

# Arlington Advocate.

CHARLES S. PARKER, EDITOR.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 00 A YEAR.

Vol. XV.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 15, 1886.

No. 3.

## READ THIS!

No matter how trivial your property may be, if it is insurable, and liable to be lost or damaged by fire, there should be no hesitation about insuring it.

It is not only proper and necessary to insure against loss or damage by fire all property of a business character, but it is equally important to insure, for a proper proportion of its value, the dwelling-house, household furniture, family wearing apparel, and household effects generally, the stable, horses, carriages, and all property which contributes to pleasure or comfort.

Get superior care and prompt attention from

**R. W. HILLIARD,**

ARLINGTON OFFICE: 13 KILBY STREET, BOSTON.  
2 SWAN'S BLOCK.

NOW for the Holidays!

If you are in want of any kind of LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

CALL AT

**L. C. TYLER'S**

AND YOU CAN GET THEM.

If you are in want of any Men's or Boys'

Boats, Shoes or Rubbers,

Arctic, Over Shoes, Rubber Boots or a good, nice Rubber Coat, call at

**TYLER'S**

and get them. He will also show you a fresh lot of

**FANCY SLIPPERS,**

For Christmas or New Year.

**Ready-made Clothing!**

We can show you some nice Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, Reifers, nice suits for Boys; and don't forget that we have a good stock of

**HATS, CAPS, GLOVES AND UMBRELLAS,**

new lot, all kinds; also a good assortment of Trunks and Valises, all of which we should be very glad to show you.

Please call at the Old Corner Store,

**Bank Building, Arlington.**

**ARLINGTON**

**Photograph Studio**

**ARTISTIC PICTURES.**

Having completed the fitting and furnishing of my new building on

**ARLINGTON AVENUE,**

Opposite Broadway, I take pleasure in announcing my readiness to fill any call for

**Artistic Photograph Pictures,**

and my ability to warrant satisfaction in all cases. The best appliances known to the art of photography have been used in my outfit and the reception, toilet and other rooms are neat, convenient and attractive. Parties interested are invited to call and examine specimens.

**R. W. C. LITCHFIELD.**  
The front door opens from the street—there are no stairs to climb.  
Arlington, Nov. 19, 1885.

**JULIA TOLMAN, M. D.,**

**SWAN'S BLOCK,**

**Arlington Avenue, Arlington.**

Office hours, 2 to 4, P. M.

**H. E. Shepard,**

**PIANO TUNER,**

ARLINGTON, MASS. - P. O. Box 370.

Pianos Tuned and Repaired in best manner, at short notice.

Order book at O. W. WHITTEMORE'S.

**JAMES BASTON,**

**Carpenter and Builder,**

**BROADWAY, ARLINGTON.**

Carpenter Work of every kind. Estimates and Plans for buildings as desired. Personal attention to all orders.

**Sylvester Stickney,**

DEALER IN

**STOVES, RANGES,**

**FURNACES,**

Also a full and well selected assortment of

**KITCHEN FURNISHING GOODS,**

**HARDWARE, Etc.**

Which are offered at prices that defy competition

**Plumbing, Gas Fitting,**

**and Water Piping,**

executed in all its branches by experienced

workmen.

**Arlington Ave.,**

**Arlington, Mass.**

Six acres good pasture land, partially wooded off from Pleasant street, Arlington, Mass. of 2000. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to

C. S. PARKER, No. 2 Swan's Block.

**UTOPIA SKATING CLUB,**  
**ARLINGTON.**

**POLO!**

Wednesday, Jan. 20,

Westbros - vs. - Arlingtons.

**MAYNARDS**

VS.

**ARLINGTONS,**

**SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 23d.**

Game called at 8:20, sharp.

Admission to all League Games, 20 cts.

Skate Checks, 10 Cents.

J. H. RUSSELL, Manager.

**PURE**

**WHITE WHEAT MEAL**

**INSTEAD OF FLOUR**

**FOR BREAD!**

Nature's Great Vital Energy Recuperator.

Reasons Why it is Preferable to Flour.

**Facts Are Stubborn Truths.**

Flour is the only impoverished food used by mankind—impoverished by the withdrawal of the tegumentary portion of the wheat, leaving the internal or starchy portion. In chemistry we find that in 100 parts of substance—

Wheat has an ash of 17.7 parts;

Flour an ash of 4.1 parts, an impoverishment of over three-quarters.

Wheat has 8.3 Phosphoric Acid;

Flour 2.4 parts of Phosphoric Acid, an impoverishment of about three-quarters.

Wheat has 0.6 Lime, and 0.6 Soda;

Flour 0.1 Lime and 0.1 Soda, an impoverishment of five sixths the Lime and Soda each.

Wheat has Sulphur 1.5; Flour has no sulphur.

Wheat has Sulphuric Acid 0.5; Flour has no Sulphuric Acid.

Wheat has Silica, 0.3; Flour has no Silica.

**Regimen and Diet.**

Every effort of the mind or movement of a muscle involves the expenditure, or waste, of nervous energy and vitality, in proportion to the magnitude of the effort; these wasted products pass off with effete substances from the body, while recuperation is effected by nutrition. The loss of Physical force by using Common Flour is immense, which analysis proves.

First, then, make use of

**Arlington Wheat Meal,**

(Made from all the Wheat)

A perfect food for Children, making them strong and vigorous—also imparts strength to the aged.

**Arlington Wheat Meal**

Contains ALL THE WHEAT. In the coverings of the wheat are the Phosphates which go constitute bone and muscle, and materially assist digestion by causing the rapid decomposition of the food. It is in this way the phosphates in

**ARLINGTON WHEAT MEAL**

act, giving new power and strength to the system

**Beware of Imitations.**

For sale by Grocers everywhere.



**Frost & Adams,**

**37 Cornhill,**

**Boston, - Mass.,**

Importers of and dealers in

**ARTISTS' MATERIALS,**

**Art Novelties,**

**Draughtmen's Supplies, Etc.**

WINSON & NEWTON'S Goods a Specialty. Manufacturers' agents for TUCKER & GREEN'S Oil Colors. Send for illustrated catalogue.

F. S. FROST. H. A. LAWRENCE. 6nov15

AGENTS WANTED for our charming New Book,

**"SOME NOTED PRINCES, AUTHORS AND STATESMEN OF OUR TIME."**

By 20 of our best writers—Canon Farrar, Jas. T. Fields, Jas. Parton, Dickens' daughter and others. Over 60 fine portraits and engravings. "The book is brimming over with choice and rare things"—N. Y. Observer. Intelligent young men and ladies can have permanent employment. A

THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., Norwich, Ct. 27nov15

**POLO—Arlingtons Still Winning.**

Our Arlington team continues to vindicate its claim to the front rank among the amateur polo teams, and maintain its lead in the Union series, both by brilliant individual plays and strong work in unison as a team. Saturday night, in the Arlington rink, they were pitted against the Maynards, at whose hands they had just previously received a serious defeat in one, two, three order. Washer filled the place of rusher, and was first to reach the ball in each of the five goals needed to decide the game. The first was a sharp contest, lasting eleven minutes, the ball being finally caged by Bailey. The second was very short, only one minute elapsing before McLean lifted the ball behind the netting. Then the Maynards had their turn, Sawyer making the winning stroke at the end of two minutes' play, and they followed up their advantage in the next call for play, though they had no easy task, Brown caging the ball finally, after a sharp play on both sides of seven minutes and twenty-five seconds. The game now stood two goals each, and there were none very sanguine that our boys would win; but they are steady as well as quick players, and this last and deciding struggle was played for all they were worth. At the end of the fourth minute McLean, who played cover-point, gave a stroke that sent the ball into the Maynard's cage to stay, and thus won the game. The playing of both clubs was good, that of Bailey, Washer and McLean of the Arlingtons, and Sawyer and Morgan of the Maynards, being especially noticeable. It will be remembered that the last Maynard game was protested by the Arlingtons because of "doctored" skates being used. This last game was protested by the Maynards because the cages were not fastened down, as a new rule just introduced requires. Crosby, who was referee, said he was ignorant of the promulgation of the rule. It will be interesting to note the outcome of these "protests."

The third game between the Arlingtons and Alphas of South Framingham was played at the Arlington rink Wednesday evening, and resulted three goals to two in favor of the Arlingtons. The playing of Ross and Dacey of the Arlingtons and Desmond and Lovelace of the Alphas was especially noticeable, though all played a good game. The positions:—

Arlingtons.	Positions.	Alphas.
McBride	Rushers	Lovelace
Ross	Cover point	Crawford
Austin	Centre	Coston
Washer	Half back	Stevens
Dacey	Goal	Desmond
Referee—Edgar Crosby, Arlington.		
Time-keeper—James A. Marden, Arlington.		

**SUMMARY.**  
Goal. Won by Rush. Time. Made by  
First. Alphas... Lovelace... 4m. 10s. Bailey  
Second. Arlingtons. Bailey... 3m. 50s. Lovelace  
Third... Arlingtons. Tie... 3m. 5s. Ross  
Fourth. Alphas... Lovelace... 1m. 10s. Coston  
Fifth... Arlingtons. Washer... 1m. 20s. Ross

**Woman's Work.**

Women have a potential influence in shaping the social customs and domestic usages, says the Rev. T. L. Cayley. They can do much to keep the wine bottle off the table, and to banish it from weddings, and other social entertainments in their own houses. They can instruct their boys in principles of total abstinence, as my good old mother instructed me. They can make their homes more attractive, so that their husbands and sons shall not lust after club rooms and saloons.

Young ladies ought to have the sense to frown upon the detestable champagne-ing and punch-drinking practised by the young men, and resolutely refuse to "keep company" with any young man who is fool enough to drink. The Women's Temperance Unions can circulate temperance truth, hold public meetings, pray and labor for the reformation of drinkers, and help form the moral sentiment which will outlaw the drinking dens. If they will only labor in the lines which God opens to them, they can mightily reinforce and hasten the triumph of the

**A. H. POTTER & CO.,**  
**Watchmakers and Jewelers,**

IMPORTERS OF

**DIAMONDS & PRECIOUS STONES**

**421 Washington St.**

**BOSTON, - MASS.**

A. H. POTTER. J. W. CUSHING.

temperance reform, they are indispensable to its success.

But the moment that they drop the prodigiously powerful weapons of their womanhood and put on the pantalons of the politician they will wreck their influence, and in the end will rue the disastrous consequences. To hate the accursed deceiver and the dramshop is one thing, but to train up a generation which shall have nothing to do with either of them is another and a far better thing. Woman's empire is not to be contracted to the caucus or bounded by the ballot-box.

**Reporter's Weekly Gatherings**

IN ARLINGTON.

—The annual meeting of the Arlington Orthodox Congregational church, held in the church parlors last Wednesday evening, was one of unusual interest and importance in the history of the organization. Special invitations had been sent to the known address of every name on the church record, and a broad and general invitation extended to all connected with either church or society and the result was the gathering of a company considerably over two hundred. An accident in the matter of bread supply delayed the supper more than an hour, but the time was spent socially and by no means unpleasantly, although the supper committee was sadly troubled by the disappointment. The arrangement of the tables was varied from the usual way, so that the turning of chairs simply would enable all to face the platform. They were also broken up into short lengths, and on this special occasion were adorned with a profusion of elegant flowers. The supper consisted of turkey, ham, bread, cake, cream pies and fruit, and when all had been served the business of the evening opened with the reading of the records of the last annual meeting and minutes of the work of the year. There have been nine additions during the year, three deaths, and eight have been dismissed to unite with other churches, leaving a church membership of 208. The amount raised for purely benevolent purposes by the church is \$554.14. Then came the calling of the roll of the church, those present responding and Dr. Mason reading letters received from some who could not be present. There were 109 responses, and Dr. Mason read ten letters, one being from Mrs. Precilla Symmes, now ninety-two years old. The secretary of the Sunday school next made a report, showing the present membership to be 226, divided as follows:—main school, officers and teachers 20, scholars 142, divided into 18 classes; pastor's class 30; primary department, officers and teachers 10, scholars 54, divided into 8 classes. The main school has given \$57.09 for purely benevolent purposes, and the primary department has collected \$21.31.

This report was followed by one from the Ladies' Circle giving an account of their benevolent work (made by Mrs. W. F. Sprague), which aggregates \$149.45 in value. When it is remembered that this branch of the church furnishes the monthly entertainments at the church and looks carefully after the poor as well, a better idea of the amount of their annual benefactions will be obtained. The social life of the church owes more to them than anything else. Then Mrs. Wiggin stated the amount raised by the mission circle (a total of \$132.93) and how the same had been distributed, and was followed by Miss Anna Gooding, with a report of the doings of the Young Ladies' Mission Society, whose benevolences foot up \$200.94. The total raised and expended by these three amounts to \$483.32. Mr. Churchill made a report in behalf of the committee having charge of the young peoples' Sunday evening meeting, and then Dr. Mason summed up the showing of the year by the church in its various branches. The hour then being quite late, the election of officers and other items of church business were deferred to next Monday evening. The gathering was in many respects one of the most interesting ever held in the church and will tend to strengthen the interest of each in one another more than ever.

—The annual meeting of the Middlesex Universalist Sunday School Union was held on the afternoon and evening of Wednesday in the Universalist church, Medford, Malden and Melrose sending considerable delegations to unite with the Arlington school in transacting the business and enjoying the programme provided for this important gathering of Sunday school workers. The routine business of the meeting was quickly disposed of, after which the Rev. S. P. Smith of East Boston read a helpful paper on "Helps and Hindrances in Sunday School Work," which formed the basis of the discussion that followed. At the close of the afternoon session visitors and friends were entertained in the

vestry, where a substantial supper had been spread by a committee of the Arlington school, and then there was a pleasant social season, which all seemed to enjoy. The evening session was called to order at 7:30 o'clock by the president, who introduced the Rev. J. M. Pullman, D. D., of Lynn, who delivered an address on "Why and How I Reorganized My Sunday School." It was evident the speaker had made a signal success of the New York school of which he spoke, bringing it to the highest degree of efficient work; but it was also clear to the average Sunday school worker present that it would require a Dr. Pullman to duplicate it. His plan to allow nothing to interfere with or trench upon the time devoted to considering the lesson in school session is something every school can and ought to do, and the banishing of everything but the Bible during the hearing of the lesson is now conceded by every one to be the best plan; but few Sunday school superintendents have the time, had they the ability, to prepare a lesson and then instruct teachers properly at a teachers' meeting, as was the doctor's plan. It is something, however, to have such an example set before the schools, and so high a standard set up toward which all can aim. The following-named are the officers for the ensuing year: President, the Rev. G. F. Babbitt of Malden; vice-presidents, R. B. Lawrence of Medford, Mrs. B. F. Hutchins of Saugus; secretary, the Rev. E. L. Houghton of Arlington; treasurer, Henry Swan of Arlington.

—Two polo games next week.

—Sleigh rides are now the order.

—Thanks to those who have been prompt in renewing their subscriptions.

—Marlboro vs. Arlingtons next Wednesday evening.

—Special services have been continued at the Congregational church this week.

—Frozen water-pipes have kept our plumbers very busy the past few days.

—A blockade in Boston delayed the horse cars last Wednesday morning.

—Next week Saturday evening Hudsons vs. Arlingtons.

—Michael DeCoursey paid \$1 and costs in court last Monday for being drunk the Saturday night previous.

—The "Six Odd Associates" will add a popular humorist to their bill for the evening of February 3, in Town Hall.

—Arlingtons forfeited a game to Westboro, rather than go with only a portion of the team.

—Professor Dorchester will give the second of a series of theological discourses next Sunday morning. Praise service in the evening at 7 o'clock.

—Mr. Gott has just built for undertaker Hartwell a pump especially suited for his business, which in workmanship and finish is a good card for our principal carriage builder.

—The Unity Club will present the comedy, in three acts, by Scribe and Legouve, entitled "The Ladies' Battle," the last week of this month.

—Mr. S. A. Fowle's driver started out with the immense sled built for him by Mr. Gott, last Monday morning. In Boston it was overturned and broken, but not very seriously.

—The Town Treasurer is busy making up the annual reports of the several boards of officers. The "Townsmen" will not do the printing again this year.

—Each day improves the prospect for an early and excellent crop of ice from Spy Pond. The gathering of this harvest is an excellent thing for the laboring men of the town.

—The Ladies' Chapel Guild will give their usual monthly entertainment and supper in the church next Wednesday evening. The entertainment will be given by the young people of the society. Admission, including supper, twenty-five cents.

—Mr. Elmer A. Winship, who has had considerable experience as an upholsterer and decorator, has established himself in business in Arlington. He will bottom cane chairs for 65 cts., or put in the patent seat for 50 cts. See his advertisement.

—Last Saturday evening a man giving his name as George Pineo, of Waltham, stole a horse blanket from the Pleasant street market, but before he could get away with it he was arrested and locked up. He was taken to court and fined \$15 and costs, in default of which he was sent to the House of Correction.

—A pleasant incident connected with the installation of the officers of post No. 36 was the presentation of a rich cake, elaborately ornamented, a gift from the Women's Relief Corps to Commander Durgin. The top was ornamented with a copy of the corps badge, and the sides

were appropriately lettered. Mrs. Randall, president of the corps, made it. Horace "takes the cake."

—Thursday evening the new board of officers of post No. 36, G. A. R., was installed, the list being as follows: Commander, Horace D. Durgin; senior vice-commander, Nathan Nourse, Jr.; junior vice-commander, E. S. Jacobs; chaplain, Albert W. Cotton; surgeon, Henry Bradley; quartermaster, James A. Marden; officer-of-the-day, Major Bacon; officer-of-the-guard, S. C. Frost; adjutant, James A. Blanchard; sergeant-major, William S. Wood; Q. M. sergeant, Wm. Bartlett.

—The Young Ladies' Mission Circle, connected with the Pleasant street Congregational church, held their annual meeting on Monday. The meetings held the past year have been full of interest, and the members have been instrumental to no small degree in aiding the missionary work. The following are the officers for the present year: President, Mrs. R. A. Ware; vice-president, Miss Nellie Hardy; treasurer, Miss Nellie Weston; secretary, Miss Graden.

—No polo game to-morrow night.

—The grand concert by the Peak family will be on the evening of Feb. 3.

—Twelve to sixteen degrees below zero was the record of last Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings.

—A party of young people had a sleigh ride on Thursday evening, and on their return were entertained with an oyster supper, at the residence of Mr. Hopkins on Pleasant street.

—A sleigh ride party made up of ladies and gentlemen, chiefly from the Unity Club, enjoyed a ride to Lexington, also a supper and a dance, at the Russell House of that place.

—On Wednesday Mr. Byron Moore fell on a sidewalk in Boston and sustained a severe sprain of an ankle joint, which will confine him to the house for several days.

—The first Sunday school concert of the new year will be observed at the Baptist vestry, Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock. E. H. Marston, Esq., of Somerville, will deliver an address. Strangers in town and friends are cordially invited to be present.

—The vacancy on the School Committee, caused by the resignation of Mr. Charles E. Goodwin, has been filled by the choice of Mr. James P. Parmenter. A graduate from our own public schools and later with honor from Harvard, he will bring to the new position he has been induced to accept, qualities of special value to our schools.

—Last Friday evening, in the vestry of the Unitarian church, W. Herbert Gates, treasurer of the Unity Club, read a carefully prepared and interesting paper in the war series lectures before the Club. It was on the Peninsula campaign under Gen. McClellan, and outlined the battles around Richmond. The paper was full of painstaking research. "Pope's Campaign" will be the next in order in this series, and will be given on the evening of Jan. 22.

—Although the installation of the officers of Relief Corps No. 43 was private, it proved quite an important event and was greeted by several visitors. Mrs. Turner, the head of the State organization, was present and had something to say in commendation of our home corps. The following is the list of officers in detail:—

President, Augusta C. Randall.

Sr. Vice-Pres., Violet C. Durgin.

Jr. Vice-Pres., Angie Menden.

Secretary, Nellie M. Farmer.

Treasurer, Angelina B. Swadkins.

Chaplain, Carrie H. Thayer.

Conductor, H. Ella Hiley.

Guard, Minnie J. Wright.

Asst. Cond., George P. Jacobs.

Asst. Guard, Mamie Durgin.

The installing officer was Mrs. L. A. Turner, department treasurer, well known to many of the ladies and therefore all the more cordially received. At the conclusion of the installation, she was presented with a cake, mounted on top with the corps badge, and lettered and ornamented on the side. The meeting was in every way a thoroughly enjoyable one.

—An appropriate and handsome clock, of artistic design, has been placed over the fire place in the new church at the Heights, this week. It was purchased with money raised by the young ladies of the society.

—At the Sunday evening service at the Pleasant street Congregational church, the subject for the evening will be the second stage in Pilgrim's Progress.

**PUBLIC LIBRARY.**

The Library is open every week day afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, except on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when it is kept open two hours later. The Library is located in Swan's block, Arlington Avenue.

The Reading Room is open from 3 to 6 and from 7 to 9 o'clock, P. M.

Lizzie J. Newton, Librarian.



Some statistician has discovered the fact that there is not a day in the year that does not record the loss of some British vessel and all its crew. During last month for instance, seventy-four English ships were lost with all on board. Britannia pays heavily for ruling the waves.

All breeding farms in this country pale in comparison with Senator Stanford's at Palo Alto, Cal. Two hundred and forty-nine brood mares are in the trotting stud and twenty-nine in the thoroughbred department. At the head of the trotters is Electioneer, and Monday occupies the same post among the runners.

The Chinese in California must be accumulating wealth, however deficient they may be in influence. A Chinese syndicate recently offered \$2,000,000 for the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, and were prepared to pay \$2,500,000, but finally concluded that the investment would be an unwise one at the present time.

The combined capital of the firm of the Rothschilds is now placed by persons who pretend to know at the sum of \$1,000,000,000, one-half of it gained within the last twenty-five years, and the whole of it in scarcely more than a century. The founder of the family and its fortunes, Mayer Anselm, was a poor clerk in a Hanover banking house.

The present Congress contains ninety-two former Federal soldiers and sixty-six Confederates. Those who receive a collegiate education number 138. There are three graduates of West Point. One Senator and forty-four Representatives are not over forty years of age. The two oldest men in Congress are Senators Morrill and Payne, born in 1810. Mr. Wait, of Connecticut, was born in 1811, and is the oldest Representative. The youngest Senator is Mr. Kenna, of West Virginia, who is thirty-seven. The youngest Representative is Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, who is twenty-eight.

A leading publishing house states that when a manuscript is received it is turned over to a "reader," who, after examining it carefully, returns it with his opinion as to its merit or lack of merit. If a reader returns a manuscript with a strong endorsement, the merits of the work are considered from a commercial point of view—whether it is likely to sell, how much it will cost for production, etc. Frequently the manuscript is turned over to a second reader, sometimes to a third. If all say, "This is a strong work; think it will pay you to publish it," or words to that effect, of course their recommendation goes a long way in the question of publication.

A man was seized with an epileptic fit in the street in New York the other day, whereupon a kindly disposed policeman darted into a neighboring grocery and asked for a handful of salt, which he forced into the poor fellow's mouth. The operation was approved by some of the spectators, who complimented the policeman upon his knowledge of "just what to do" in such cases. "Of all popular remedies," says a physician who was questioned on the subject, "that of choking a man with salt just because he has a fit is the most senseless and barbarous. In some cases it would do serious injury, and might cause death. Hysterio-epileptics are troubled with a choking sensation and spasmodic contractions in the throat, which interfere greatly with breathing and swallowing. To crowd salt into it is a foolish and ignorant proceeding."

A Boston *Advertiser* correspondent asserts that "the citizen of the United States is surprised and disappointed to find how small a part his great country is playing in the life of the eastern coast of South America from Cape St. Roque to Cape Horn. The Yankee colony in the various cities consists almost exclusively of those connected with the legations and consulates—a mere handful of individuals. There are some few engaged in business of various kinds, with now and then a clergyman, ship chandler, naturalist, professor, or dentist, and the officers of the United States ships in the different harbors are an important element. The triumphs of American enterprise are more of the past than the present. You will still see Baldwin locomotives and old-fashioned cars on some of the railroads, though the locomotives are fast being supplanted by those imported from England and Germany, and the cars are made in the country itself. Stephenson horse-cars hold their own, and some of the companies are managed by Americans, who have made considerable money out of them. In Rio the New York ferry boats ply across the bay. The Bell telephone is generally used, but the management is now principally in the control of local organizations. Agricultural implements and sewing machines from the United States have a very good sale and Walworth watches also find purchasers. The great life insurance companies of New York have their advertisements over the country, and as their offices are in large and elaborate buildings it is to be supposed they are doing a profitable business."

Several very severe cases of trichinosis have occurred recently—all traceable to eating raw pork ham. This, it appears, is a favorite dish with Germans, and whole families and their guests have been severely affected by this disgusting disease. Some of the patients are expected to die, but most of them are likely to recover. The warning to cook thoroughly all kinds of pork before eating is very obvious. So much diseased pork comes into the Chicago market that there is danger of its being cured as hams or bacon and scattered over the country. All diseased pork should be sent to the soap-factories.

Referring to an announcement that at a recent exhumation in a Western cemetery the body of a woman was found turned to stone, the *Louisville Medical News* says: "Petrification of the body of a warm-blooded animal never has been known, and it is quite safe to say never has taken place. The condition of the body which leads to such a misconception is not that of petrification, but of saponification. It is explained that nitrogenous tissues give off ammonia, and this, attacking the fats in the body, produces adipocere, a hard form of soap. The writer, when at the New Orleans fair, saw a barrel of pork labeled, 'Found floating in the Mississippi in an advanced state of petrification.' Being skeptical as to the capacity of rock to float, he chipped off a piece and found that the hog, like the human being under like circumstances, had merely turned to adipocere."

The wild horse of the plains and Rocky mountains is pretty much a thing of the past. Nevertheless, a few isolated herds are said to be occasionally found. A Montana writer says, in substance, of these isolated bands, that, with the wild horses a stallion is at the head, and is the leader of every herd, having such full control over them that no band of cowboys are able to drive a band of horses so fast or so well as a stallion can. All in the band are so thoroughly afraid of him they keep in a bunch, and their speed is gauged by his own, he running behind with his head low, scarcely above the ground. He advances quickly on the hindmost ones, giving them a sharp bite on the rump, thereby giving them to understand they must keep up. Should one turn out he follows him, much after the fashion of a shepherd dog, and runs him back. Until his band are out of sight in the mountains he keeps this up. Here they scatter in all directions, in ravines, canons and inaccessible places, so that when the rider arrives at the place he last saw them he is mortified to find his own horse almost exhausted and the herd so scattered that he must give up the chase in disgust.

It has often been remarked that dogs in the country, though they abound in every farm-yard, do not get mad and kill people by their bite, as is sometimes the case in cities. "The only reason we can imagine for such a difference," remarks the *Witness*, "is that country dogs are petted, while city dogs, when allowed to go loose, are often pelted. The natural depravity of man shows itself in many boys in tormenting and torturing dogs and cats. If kindness to animals were inculcated oftener in churches and schools the average of the people would be greatly improved, as is already the case in many places where Bands of Mercy have been formed. But it may be said, If cruelty to dogs causes hydrophobia, why should not cruelty to cats do the same? and the answer is that it does. The bite of a mad cat is probably as dangerous as that of a mad dog, and the same may be said of the bites of other animals when in a state of furious excitement. It was the bite of a chained fox, excited by punishment, that killed one of Canada's first governors, the Duke of Richmond. If dogs cannot be protected from persecution in cities they should either be banished or confined, and the fewer of them the better. Pasteur's success in curing hydrophobia by inoculation, if fully established, will be an important point gained by patient investigation; but whether or no, so long as bitten persons believe themselves to be cured there will be much fewer deaths. It is the constant apprehension of a dreadful death which aggravates, if it does not in many instances cause, the disease called hydrophobia, or something that cannot be distinguished from it."

#### The Spider Cure.

Spiders were formerly considered to be a cure in rural districts for agues. Some years ago a lady in Ireland was famous for her success in curing people thus affected. It appears that the only medicine she employed was a large spider rolled up in treacle. The patients were ignorant of the contents of this novel bolus, so that imagination had nothing to do with the matter. In England, also, the spider has been called in as an ague doctor. In Lincolnshire the creature was treated very much after the above-mentioned Irish fashion, being rolled up in paste and swallowed; but elsewhere the animal is put into a bag and worn round the neck.

A half eagle of the year 1815 has just been added to the excellent collection of American coins at the mint in Philadelphia; \$500 is the value of each of the three specimens known to be in this country.

#### THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

What is the time of the year?  
What is the hour of the day?  
Later at morn and sooner at eve  
The pale stars shine away;  
And the low sun drifts to the south,  
So wan that at height of noon  
We hardly know if the daylight  
Be the parting glow of the sunlight  
Or the gleam of the risen moon;  
And ever through shade and fleeting shine  
We hear the bleak wind's tone:  
"Alas, alas for the summer fled,  
And sky and earth so gray!"  
Oh, for the odor of violets  
That sprang with the April rain,  
And the breath of the rose and the lily  
That long in their graves have lain!  
And oh, for the orchard's wealth of bloom,  
And the wheat field's waving gold!—  
My heart is faint for the splendor  
Of harvest moons, and the tender  
Tale that the zephyrs told:  
How shall we live now earth is bare,  
And the sun himself is cold,  
And the only wind is the bitter north,  
Bemoaning wood and plain?  
Wait! there's a thrill in the air!  
See! in the south forlorn  
The great sun stays his wandering beams,  
And a new year finds its morn!  
The stars are a watch, and the moon;  
The wailing wind drops low:  
There's a murmur of daffodil meadows,  
And of songs in the silver shadows,  
And banks where the violets blow!  
Let fires be lit, let shrines be decked,  
And joy be lord of woe!  
The sun in glory mounts the sky,  
And God for earth is born!  
—Edna Deane Proctor, in the *Cook*.

#### THE MUTINY.

One foggy afternoon a few weeks ago the captain of a trim clipper ship of about 1,000 tons, which lay at an East river pier, was pacing up and down on the after house, and occasionally glancing out upon the mist-covered river. The ship was to have set sail for Australia that morning, but owing to the fog the captain had preferred to remain at the dock.

"No, I won't take any chances," said the captain to a friend who had come aboard a few moments before, and stood leaning against the taffrail. "Although I'm a young man, I stop and think before I run any risk; that is, when there's any time for me to stop and think. And yet when I was a boy I was the most heedless youngster going. I did whatever came into my head, and never thought of the consequences. But once, just in the nick of time, it flashed through my mind that I ought to stop and think. I did stop and think, and if I hadn't I wouldn't be alive now, nor would the ship under me be afloat. I was brought up on a farm in the interior of this State," continued the captain, "but when I was about sixteen years old I grew tired of farm life and ran away and came to New York. I found a place in a grocery store, but I soon got tired of that sort of work. Then it struck me that I would like to go to sea, so off I hurried to a sailor's boarding house, the keeper of which got a berth for me on this very ship. She was then only about a couple of years old, although I don't know that she looked any newer then than she does now. I signed articles for a voyage from this port to China by way of Valparaiso and back to America. We hadn't been out many days before I found that the life of a boy on board ship, wasn't a very pleasant one. The second mate, in whose watch I was, often kicked and cuffed me, and the mate struck me whenever he had a chance, while the old captain, who always hated boys, would look at me as if he wanted to throw me overboard. The sailors used to swear at me, and some of them thought nothing of hitting me when none of the officers were looking. All this made me wish I had never even heard of the sea. After we had passed the equator we were carried along by the southeast trade winds until we got about off Rio Janeiro. The first evening after we lost the trades, when the watch went to the pumps they would not work. There was some obstruction in them, but the carpenter could not find out what it was. As the ship was leaking a little the captain decided that it would never do to go around Cape Horn with the pumps in that condition, so he said he would put into Rio Janeiro and have them overhauled.

"I was, of course, delighted at the prospect of seeing a foreign port. The night after we had headed toward Rio I heard the sailors in my watch talking about the captain. One of them said that the cook had told him that the captain was going to do some trading on his own account when he got to China, and that he had considerable money with him. I paid no attention to this statement at the time. All I thought of was about getting into Rio Janeiro. We got within about a day's sail of Rio when the carpenter, who was tinkering about the pumps, discovered the obstruction and succeeded in removing it. Then there was no need putting into port, and the captain gave orders to head toward Cape Horn again. I did not like this at all. It was late in the afternoon when we put about. I noticed during the dog watch that the men were talking very earnestly among themselves in the fore-cabin. Eight bells struck, and the watch to which I belonged went on deck. I kept the lookout for two hours, and at four bells, when I went down on the main deck, one of the sailors, who was known as 'Big Pete,' came up to me and began to talk very pleasantly. This surprised me, because generally he had seemed to dislike me. Big Pete was a tall, brawny fellow, and was the wickedest-looking man in the crew, and that was saying a good deal, for they were a hard-looking lot of sailors. After talking about things generally for a few minutes, Pete said: "Now, young fellow, I know that you don't like it aboard this ship. No more do we. You're always getting knocked about by the mates, and I don't see how you stand it. Now, if you had a chance to get ashore at Rio Janeiro, you wouldn't throw it away? Wages is good in the high country. A smart young fellow like you could get a job on some ranch, and make a fortune in a few years."

"I, 'but I can't get ashore. The captain ain't going to put me into Rio, after all."

"But we'll fix that, my lad, if you'll go in with us," said Pete. "You don't mean to mutiny?" I asked, starting back in alarm. "No, no mutiny," replied Pete, "that is, not the bad kind of mutiny. But we can't stand it on this boat any longer, and what we want to do is to get into Rio, and we can do it without hurting anybody or robbing anybody. A few minutes afore eight bells the second mate will go into his stateroom for to write it in his log book. You know he always does that before eight bells instead of waiting until after the watches are changed, as he ought to do. Then all we've got to do is to fasten the forward cabin doors on him. At the same time the man at the wheel will just fasten the door of the after-companionway. Then we'll nail up the window shutters all around the cabin on the outside, and we'll have all the cabin people tight without having so much as struck one of them."

"And what then?" I asked. "Why, then," said he, "I know enough about navigation to take the ship into the harbor of Rio. There are twelve of us beside you, and the cook will work with us. We can get along without the captain, the two mates, the carpenter and the steward. They'll be locked up in the cabin, where they'll find plenty to eat and drink. We'll manage to strike the harbor along in the evening. Then we let go the anchor and take a few of our clothes and row ashore. We leave the boat at a landing and go to a boarding house, keeper that I know who'll keep us till we get a chance to run up into the high country, where we can get jobs on ranches."

"But how about the ship?" I asked eagerly. I was trying to persuade myself that there was nothing wrong about Pete's plan. "Why, the ship is seen next morning," he replied, "and plenty of boats come alongside. They find them all safe and sound in the cabin. Nobody's hurt and nobody's robbed, for don't we leave our chests and nearly a month's wages on board? And ain't the boat found at the landing? Then the captain ships a new crew and goes on around the Horn. Come, my lad, tell us, are you with us?"

"I wanted badly to get ashore, so, as usual, without stopping to think of consequences, I told Pete that I would stand by him. Another sailor who was standing near us and who had heard me give my decision then came up to Pete and said: "Don't you think as how the lad ought to do it? He's light of foot and wouldn't stumble and wake them, like one of the lubbers probably would." Pete seemed to reflect for a moment. Then he turned to me and said: "You are the very one to do it, my lad. You see, though we don't want to hurt nobody in the cabin, we ain't so sure that nobody in the cabin wouldn't hurt us if they got a chance. Now, the mate, he's got a pistol. He keeps it in the drawer right under his bunk, and that drawer is nearly always part open, so the cook says, and he's been in there. The second mate don't keep no pistol; no more does the steward nor the carpenter. But the captain keeps two pistols. They are right in the drawer of the table in the after cabin, and the drawer isn't locked, so the cook says, and he's been in there. Mind, I don't ask you to steal those pistols. We only want to get them away from the cabin folks, who might do some harm with them. We'll never use the pistols. We'll put them in the cook's storeroom, where they'll find them quick enough. If it wasn't stealing, we'd just chuck those pistols overboard."

"As usual, I did not stop to reflect. I volunteered to secure the three pistols and was slipped on the back, and told that I was a brave lad. I had on several occasions, while at work, peeped through the after cabin window, and had seen the table in the drawer of which were the two pistols. The captain's stateroom opened off of the after cabin, so that there was some danger of waking the skipper, but this did not frighten me out of undertaking the adventure. It was agreed that I should go into the cabin and secure the pistols at seven bells, if the second mate was then aft, as he was pretty sure to be. At length seven bells struck aft, and were repeated by the lookout forward. The second mate was standing aft by the wheel, and the coast was clear. I stole through the port cabin door and went into the stateroom of the mate, who had left his door half open. He was snoring heavily. Beneath the bunk I found a drawer, partly open. I stuck in my hand and after a little groping I found the pistol and took it out. I got safely out of the mate's room, and moving softly through the forward cabin, I gently opened the door of the after cabin. I could hear the breathing of the captain, who seemed to be sleeping soundly. I groped my way to the table and succeeded in opening the drawer and securing the two pistols without making any noise. Then I stole back to the door and was about to enter the forward cabin, when a thought struck me. And strangely enough, for the first time in my life, I stopped and reflected.

"What," thought I, "if these men are bent on real mutiny? What if they mean to shoot the officers with these pistols? Some one said that the captain had brought money with him to trade with in China. Suppose the men propose to secure that money, and sink or set fire to the ship, after murdering the officers, and perhaps me? They could easily escape to the shore in the long boat."

"I looked toward the deck, and through the door of the forward cabin I could see dark figures moving stealthily and easily about. What could I do? A thought struck me. One by one I removed the cartridges from the revolving cylinders, and thus render the pistols harmless. Then I placed the cartridges in my pocket and stole through the forward cabin and out on to the deck. I was instantly seized by rough hands, and the pistols were taken from me. Then I found myself flat on my back, with a man's hand over my mouth. I looked up and saw pointed at my breast a sheath knife, which was in the grasp of a wicked-looking sailor. I saw that I had fallen into a trap, and I gave myself up for lost. I closed my eyes, expecting to feel the steel enter my breast. Then I heard a smothered curse from Pete.

"These pistols haven't so much as a cartridge among the three of them," said Pete.

"I opened my eyes. The sailor who had proposed to stab me had paused in his murderous work. Pete bent over me and in a fierce whisper wanted to know what I had done with the cartridges. Then I thought that I saw a glimmer of hope.

"There was a box of cartridges in the cabin drawer," said I; "but how did I know the pistols wasn't loaded? I didn't have time to stop and look."

"One of the sailors proposed that I should be sent back after the cartridges, but I said I was afraid they would kill me the moment I got back. Pete swore that no one would touch me if I brought back the cartridges. 'And,' said he, 'we'll give you your full share of the captain's money.' I said that I would go back. The sailors pushed me toward the cabin door. I glanced over my shoulder and caught sight of the green light of another vessel some distance off. That gave me an idea. After Pete had shoved me into the cabin door I made a bound for the after cabin and cried out at the top of my voice:

"Ship ahoy! Captain! A sail on the starboard bow close to us! She'll run us down! Have out, everybody!"

"I looked over my shoulder. Dark faces were glaring in through the cabin door. But the men seemed undecided whether to follow me. Then came answering shouts from the people in the cabin. The mutineers seemed to be taken by surprise. A panic seized upon them, and they retreated forward. The captain, mate, carpenter, and steward came out of their staterooms and hurried on deck, and saw a vessel cross our bows, but at a good distance ahead. Then the captain gave me a cuff, and dragging me into the cabin, asked me how I had dared to wake him that way when there was no danger. I hurriedly told the captain what had happened. He rushed into the after cabin, and, unlocking a drawer under his bunk, took out several loaded revolvers, one of which he gave me. Then he called the mate, carpenter, and steward, and gave each of them a revolver, and told us to follow him. He went out on deck, and we stood by him, ready to defend ourselves if we should be attacked. The captain summoned the second mate and told him to call all hands aft. The mutineers came aft with ugly looks in their faces. The captain told them that if he had the time to spare he would put into Rio Janeiro and have them punished for mutiny. But he wanted to continue the voyage, and he proposed to make them behave themselves. They could have made nothing by murdering him, he told them, for the money which he was going to trade with in China was all in bills of exchange, which they could not have had cashed. Then, raising his pistol, the captain ordered the men to lay their sheath knives and the empty pistols they had taken from me on the capstan. They quietly obeyed him. The captain then reprimanded the second mate for having been in the habit of making entries in his log book before his watch went below. After he had done with him the captain pointed at me and said:

"I appoint this young man third mate. He shall live in the cabin and be taught navigation. The first man who touches him shall be shot. Now, men, go about your business."

"The sailors obeyed him, and they completed the voyage without attempting another mutiny. I was taught navigation, and slowly rose to be captain of this ship, all of which never would have happened if I had not stopped to think at the critical moment when I was about to leave the after cabin with the stolen pistols in my hand."—*New York Times*.

#### People Along the Elbe Shore.

One of the most pleasing traits, to me, in the German character is the kindness shown to animals. One is not made miserable, as in Italy, by seeing the wretched, raw, bleeding horses straining at an impossible load, kicked and lashed into hopeless efforts to drag a weight far beyond their strength. On the contrary, the fine horses which draw the loads of stone or wood are as well fed and groomed as those between the shafts of a carriage. Indeed, humanity would here seem to be carried almost to excess. Particularly glad is one to see well treated the good dogs which so willingly drag about the little carts, reminding one of Ouida's pathetic story, "A Dog of Flanders." I often see the market women put down a sack for the good beasts to lie on, and it is pleasant to hear their cheerful greeting when their mistress returns; and amusing enough to see two rivals barking excitedly at each other, while the women, laughing, give a helping or restraining hand. All too, who have been in Germany will remember the little wooden boxes fixed up in trees or against houses for the birds to make their homes in.

But though humane the Saxons are fond of sport, their king setting them a good example, and there is plenty of game to be found in the forests. Stags, roe-deer, hares, foxes and badgers are apparently common, but there seem to be neither wolves nor bears.—*Schanda's Cor. Chicago Times*.

#### Then and Now.

Measles formerly carried off from five to ten per cent. of the people. In the last twenty-five years about two per cent. of the mortality has been caused by measles. In London, from 1675 to 1757, seven to ten per cent. of the people died of small-pox. From 1851 to 1860, one per cent. in England died from this disease. Convulsions destroyed between 1701 and 1757 in London from twenty-seven to thirty per cent; from 1848 to 1880 only three per cent. Fevers were common and destructive in former times: more than fifty per cent. of the deaths in London, during the last quarter of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, were from fevers, but from 1851 to 1860 three per cent. Tetanus formerly caused a great number of deaths; now very few. Consumption was formerly more destructive than now. In England it formerly caused seventeen per cent. of the deaths; now from ten to twelve. Some diseases formerly very destructive have disappeared.—*Dio Lewis*.

#### SELECT SIFTINGS.

The grand aggregate of the Union army on the 1st of March, 1865, was 965,361.

An English astronomer considers that his fox terrier has the intellectual development of a child two years old.

Paris deaf mutes have a "Silent Club." The servants are also deaf mutes and are summoned by a slight electric shock.

Some of the pyramids were erected as monuments to kings; others for the purpose of making astronomical observations.

Cases of lead poisoning in Paris have been traced to bread and flour, a miller having filled up certain holes in his mill stones with lead.

Spots on the sun were more numerous during the second quarter of the past year, April to June inclusive, than during the first quarter, January to March. In June particularly the activity on the solar surface was very great.

Railway men are beginning to condemn the locomotive headlight, which, by the way, is not in use in Europe. They say that it is of little or no utility, and its powerful illumination tends to render indistinct the colors of signal lights on the track ahead.

Various reasons have been assigned for St. Nicholas having been chosen the patron of children, either because the legend made him to have been a bishop while yet a boy, or from his having restored three young scholars to life who had been cruelly murdered, or, again, on account of his early abstinence when a boy.

In the Smithsonian institution at Washington, is the small nugget of gold, a little larger than a pea, that first met the eye of James Marshall in the sawmill raceway at Sacramento, and was the beginning of those discoveries in California that have added nearly \$1,500,000,000 in gold to the world's stock of the precious metals.

Physicians have to pay \$50 for good skeletons and \$30 for common ones. The preparation of them is growing to be quite a business. The most difficult part of the process is to clean the bones without marring them. Medical college janitors pretty nearly monopolize the trade. The French excel in whitening the bones and making them more presentable.

#### An Oriental Fete.

Among Turkish festivities none perhaps surpasses in magnificence the Baira. This pageant is "crowded with etiquette," and at this triumphal season Eastern pomp finds opportunity for an extreme of ostentatious display.

"There is a satisfaction in seeing for one's self," writes our busy-eyed traveler, "and through the courtesy of officials in power I had that great pleasure. The Sultan and his chief officers perform their devotions at St. Sophia at 6 o'clock in the morning, and it was with great magnificence of equipage and splendor of dress that this royal company of worshippers set forth; the housings of the horses were especially rich and gaudy. His imperial majesty the Sultan rode a splendid charger, whose housings glowed with rubies, topazes, pearls, emeralds, and other precious stones, the combination forming the 'flowers' of a mass of golden foliage. Immediately following him were chiefs of the black and white eunuchs, and then a corpulent dwarf of ferocious visage, appraised like a pasha, and occupying toward his master the position of the jesters of the Middle Ages. This dwarf bestrode a gigantic horse, much too broad for the short legs of the pigmy rider. On every side were multitudes of soldiers, keen-eyed, vigilant fellows, pompously appreciative of their high office.

"This Sultan was born, according to our reckoning, in 1823. Such a noted personage, abroad in his pride, cognizant of his power, and holding sway over the bodies and souls of his subjects, was a sight to look upon; seldom do strangers have more than one such opportunity. "This ceremony of the Baira is of two hours' length, giving one ample chance to study details of dress and general arrangement.

"In his fez the Sultan had a clasp of diamonds, thus royally securing the plume of herons' feathers—the sign of supreme power; a kind of surcoat of dark blue material, held in place by a buckle of brilliants, partially concealed the embroidery of his superb uniform; in addition white satin trousers, polished leather boots, and exquisitely fitting straw-colored gloves completed a costume which in its rare simplicity out-rivalled the gorgeous appareling of subordinates.

"His impassive countenance appeared to express a feeling of profound satiety of power. One could also trace in the Sultan's face an experience of settled and intense ennui; no play of thought made itself manifest, an expression always unchangeable and eternal as the snows of the mountains formed a mask of marble-like sternness; very pale were his cheeks; the forehead was large and full; his beard was a soft brown in tint, imparting the only point of softness and delicacy discernible; his eyes can find no fit comparison; one can but say of them they were like unto nothing but suns of black set in a sky of diamonds."

#### Short and Sharp.

Mr. Merriam, in his "Life of Samuel Bowles," shows how the famous Springfield editor used to manage his staff. The discipline of apprentices was sometimes hard for the boy, but not bad for the man into whom the boy was to develop. The ways of the office can be seen from this:

A man would often work for weeks, or even months, without any word or notice, and then would come a terse command, hitting the weak point, or heartening him with praise. One youngster, who had not fully mastered the department assigned him, as he was whistling at his desk, heard the words thrown over his shoulder, as the chief went by: "You needn't think you're doing that work very well."

He didn't whistle again for a week! Yet just afterward Mr. Bowles wrote to some inquirer a generous commendation of him.

A man whose hours of work had been somewhat irregular found on his desk the message: "Good-night at ten, sharp. Good-morning at nine, sharp."



## THE MYTHICAL MILLIONS.

DELUSION AMERICAN CLAIMANTS OF ENGLISH ESTATES.

Swindling Schemes for the Benefit of Unscrupulous Agents—Proprietors That Exist Only in Imagination.

A paper on the subject of unclaimed estates in England, prepared under the direction of Minister Lowell by Henry White, one of the American secretaries of legation, has been sent by the President to Congress with other state papers.

"There seems to be no doubt," Mr. White says, "that many are led to believe themselves heirs to vast estates in Great Britain by designing persons on both sides of the ocean, who insert notices in newspapers in the United States that a large property left by a person of the same name with that of some well known family of the same district, or of some exceedingly common name likely to occur anywhere, such as Brown or Jones, or who distribute far and wide lists of unclaimed estates which do not exist. Large sums of money are annually thrown away by the dupes of these advertisements and fictitious lists, and a handsome revenue is made by the agents, as they call themselves, for the discovery of lost heirs and the recovery of unclaimed estates. The modus operandi usually adopted by these agents is to ask first for a remittance of £2 or £3, to cover the cost of copying the will upon which the claim purports to be based; then a larger sum for the expenses of instituting inquiries; and as each successive stage more blackmail is levied, the correspondence being so cleverly conducted that several years frequently elapse before the fraud is discovered. None should contribute a dollar to unknown agents, especially to ward any expenses connected with establishing claims to estates in this country, until inquiry has been made of counsel here first, as to the existence of the estate, and then as to the chances of its recovery. I am told by reputable solicitors that not one claim in a thousand of all those referred to them by the legation has had any validity whatever, and very few, during their long experience of claims from America, have been successful."

Mr. White describes the results of inquiries relating to the "Jennens Estate," in which there were many American claimants, showing that the property went to the heirs-at-law long before American claimants were ever heard of, and that the latter never had the "shadow of a title to it." Moreover, had the title once been a good one it would long since have become worthless by the operation of the statute of limitations.

"Any attempt, therefore," continues Mr. White, "to recover real estate from the crown or individuals after a lapse of twelve years) which may be extended to thirty under certain circumstances, and personal property after a lapse of twenty years, however valid the claim of the person making the attempts may have been originally, is certain to end in failure."

"All members, consequently, of the 'Jennens Association' of the United States of America' may rest assured that their subscriptions are simply money thrown away, if their object be the recovery of the Jennens estate. Recently a letter was received here from a member of the aforesaid 'Jennens Association,' who had just been notified that a general assessment of \$5 had been levied for the year ending June 30, 1884, and who, before paying the same, inquired whether the legation could furnish any information regarding the Jennens estate, said to be pending before the court of chancery in England."

Similar to this are the "Hedges estate," the "Bradford estate," the "Hyde estate," the "Horne estate," and many others which are described as among "the ordinary myths by which so many of our countrymen have been beguiled." With regard to large sums supposed to be awaiting American claimants in the bank of England, Mr. White quotes from a letter written by the chief accountant of that institution as follows: "There are no amounts of unclaimed stock or dividends standing in our books. Speaking generally without having made an exhaustive research, there are very few amounts of £1,000, and probably none that exceed this sum by more than £100 or £200."

In regard to the fabulous fortunes locked up in chancery, he says: "To judge from the letters received at the legation from the United States in reference to the unclaimed funds in chancery, many of our countrymen must imagine that institution to be a depository of incalculable millions, a goodly share of which can be easily withdrawn upon the mere institution of a claim to the same by the American minister and without requirement by the court of any particulars as to the name of the suit, the relationship of the claimant to the parties mentioned therein or to the original owner of the estate claimed. It is very rarely that in any communication sent us on this subject a smaller sum is mentioned than several millions, and frequently our correspondents state that they are entitled to twenty, fifty, and even more, millions. It will doubtless cause some surprise and disappointment to such as these to be informed that the whole amount of money in the custody of the court of chancery at the present time is about \$24,000,000, of which \$23,000,000 belong to the owners who are unknown, leaving about one million only of unclaimed or dormant funds."

### A Turtle at the Opera.

Says a New York letter to the Boston Gazette: One well known society lady made a pet of a small turtle, which she dressed in a pink silk dress and took to the opera with her. She carried it to the opera house in her pocket, and when she got there placed it on the railing in front of the box with her bouquets. There it would walk up and down, and stick its ugly head out of its shell and ogle the ladies in the neighboring boxes. "Do see Nicotette," she would exclaim, patting the turtle on its back; "has she not lovely eyes?" All the gentlemen would say that she had indeed, while in their hearts they would want to take her by the tail and fire her into the orchestra.

It is a singular fact that but one bogus \$20 gold piece has ever been discovered, and this bears the date of 1850.

## FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

### Manure on Sidehills.

The supposed washing of manure on sidehills is much less than is generally believed. If the land is covered with grass the loss is practically nothing. Many years ago we drew some manure on a steep sidehill early in winter. The manure was very rich and composed of decomposed horse manure. We drew only a few loads on the upper side of the hill and in the spring left a few rods in width below what we had drawn the fall previous, thinking it would be rich enough from what naturally washed down during the winter. Wherever the manure was applied, above and below, the corn was rank, but on the small spot left uncovered it was miserably poor. It really looked at the time as if the manure above had made the unfertilized soil below poorer. The field was in grass at the time the manure was drawn on.—*Cultivator.*

### Pruning Trees in Winter.

The propriety of pruning fruit or forest trees in the winter is a topic upon which there is much disagreement, but if the work is well done it matters but little when it is done, and perhaps the best time is "whenever one's knife is sharp." The practice of scraping old trees so thoroughly as to remove all the shaggy, dead bark is pronounced worse than useless labor, except when it is evident that the bark conceals insects or their eggs. In that case the denuded parts should be protected with a coat of pitch and tallow. This rough bark is provided by nature as a protection against the adverse influences of climate, and for maintaining in even balance that degree of warmth favorable to the health exercise of the functions of growth and productivity. Wood, particularly in the direction across the grain, is a non-conductor of heat in an eminent degree. This practice of scraping off the rough bark promotes no good end. Even the long strips of dead bark hanging from the trunks and limbs of large hickory trees are of more service than injury, and it is doubted if even moss or lichens are hurtful to trees, as they live exclusively on food drawn from the atmosphere, and in bleak and exposed situations they may supplement the bark in affording protection. When covered with moss to excess it may be presumed the trees are in an unsatisfactory condition, either from impoverishment of the soil, want of drainage or exposure to the rigors of a severe and variable climate. Stripping the bark up and down with a knife, with the idea that the tree is bark bound, is absurd. Digging about the roots and washing the trunks of the trees with lye, soap-suds or chamber sops is all that is wanted.—*Ben. Perley Poore.*

### Fence Posts.

An experimental writer on this subject very rationally remarks: "To have a fence that will last, we must have good posts, for that is the part that gives out first by rotting off at the surface of the soil. Then the fence has to come down, new posts set and the boards replaced. Sixteen years ago I experimented with my fences, and found seasoned oak posts oiled and then tarred with boiling coal tar, makes them last the longest. I took green posts that were sawed five inches square at one end and 2½ inches at the other, and seven feet long. I tarred half as many as would build my fence, and the other half I put in the ground green, with nothing done to them. In five years after, the tarred posts were nothing but a shell under the ground, all of the inside being decayed. Some of the other posts were rotted off, and some were about half rotten."

"Two years after, I built another fence with seasoned oak posts, same size as the first, giving them all a good coat of oil, and in a few days after tarred them, as I did before, with coal tar heated in a can made for the purpose, four feet deep and large enough to hold four posts set on end. I left them in the boiling tar for about ten minutes, then took them out and sanded them; and now after fourteen years, not one in ten needs replacing. I shall never build a fence for myself requiring posts without first thoroughly seasoning, then oiling, and then tarring them. If they are tarred when green, the tar does not penetrate the wood, and in short time will all scale off. When the wood is seasoned the oil penetrates the wood and the coating of coal tar keeps out the moisture, thereby preserving the wood from decay."

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Would it not be a good plan to see that the watering troughs are kept measurably free of ice and strictly clean?

There is no better hay for sheep, cattle, and especially calves, than well-cured clover. Even pigs like a taste of it occasionally.

It is said that sheep manure will make wheat grow stout and short, with heavy heads, where other manures produce long, soft straw, and not so solid heads.

The mineral matter taken from the soil by a five-pound fleece of wool is said to be 1.6 ounce and five ounces of nitrogen—not a very heavy drain on the soil.

It costs just as much to make poor butter as to make a good article. Hence a little care and patience during the process will give better results with increased profit.

The rise in wool has made one class unhappy and another happy. The happy ones are those who did not sell sheep because wool was so low. The unhappy are those who did sell.

A contemporary advises feeding oats to young pigs, because the hulls help to distend the stomach. Oats are good for growing pigs, but not because the hulls distend the stomach. Hulls have no value as pig feed.

If a horse intends to be vicious, the tail is carried low and the ears are laid back. If in good humor and eager to go, the tail is carried high. If nervous or inclined to kick, bite, or strike, the tail is switched from side to side.

A ton of bran fed with two tons of hay is worth as much as four tons of hay fed alone either to horses, cattle or sheep. The relative price of bran compared with hay must be taken into consideration, however, as to the economy of feeding bran.

The prices of cheese in France, Germany, Italy and Holland range from 26 to 29 per cent. lower than they did last year.

These countries ought to find some deadly parasite in American cheese so they might be able to keep it out of competition.

The importance of lime as a plant food, to be supplied by its use as a fertilizer, may be perceived by the following figures: In 25 bushels of oats there are 9 pounds of lime; in 38 bushels of barley, 15 pounds; in two tons of clover hay, 35 pounds; in 25 tons of turnips, 140 pounds; in 250 bushels of potatoes, 270 pounds.

A correspondent of the *Western Rural* claims to have discovered, by the aid of a powerful microscope, the cause of the disease known as potato scab. He finds the liquid portion of a scabby potato swarming with living organisms, microbes but whether cause or effect, he is as yet uncertain. He believes salt a partial preventive, and that rank, green manures invite the disease.

As fowls and animals seek protection in sunny nooks during the winter's cold, so in like manner the bees benefited. Protect the hives in some manner from the wintry blast. Where convenient corn fodder set up around the hives gives good protection from wind and forms a sunny nook in which the hives will become considerably warmed up on bright days with the mercury settled well down to zero.

Watermelon vines, after having borne fruit all summer, cannot be transplanted. Indeed none of the cucumber tribe are transplantable except with special preparation while young, and yet an alleged agricultural journal publishes such trash as the following: "As fall approached a Georgia farmer pulled up a watermelon vine that had been bearing all summer and transplanted it into a green house. It now carries half a dozen melons, which will average 20 pounds each."

When corn has thoroughly dried out, the cob consists principally of woody fibre, and has little feeding value. It may, however, pay to grind it with corn, so as to give more bulk to the latter. Pure corn meal is very concentrated food, and stock is easily cloyed on it. But when corn and cobs are green, the latter have a considerable feeding value. Cows are especially fond of soft corn in the ear, and as they chew food twice, feeding it thus to them is not so wasteful a practice as it might seem.

The time to straighten a crooked rail fence is when the field is in sod and it is intended to plow for some hoed crop the following season. It will usually need one or two years' pretty thorough tillage to get rid of bushes and weeds from fence corners. Extra care should be taken to keep down weeds in the outside rows, in order that the entire field may be seeded down at once. Crooked fences may be taken down and bushes grubbed out during open weather in the winter, leaving less work to be done in the busier time that will come next spring.

The advocates of the Jersey cow have good reason for claiming that milk and butter product rather than size of the animal should be the standard of value. Other things being equal, the smaller the cow required to produce a given amount of butter per week the better. The small cow will eat less, though we have always noticed that cows yielding large messes of milk are ravenous feeders. Of course it takes a certain amount of feed to produce the milk and butter. If not given at the time it must be made up from previous accumulations of fat. There is no good reason for stinting a cow when she is giving milk. She should rather be encouraged to yield as much as possible by being given a great variety of food.

### Household Hints.

Glue is rendered waterproof by first soaking it in water until it becomes soft, and then melting it, with gentle heat, in linseed oil.

When velvet gets plushed from pressure, hold the parts over a basin of hot water, with the lining of the dress next the water; the pile will soon rise and resume its former beauty.

We would caution consumers of canned goods against allowing the contents to remain in the cans after they are once opened. In case of meats, the same care should be given to them as if they were freshly cooked, that is, kept on ice or in a cool place.

A very soft and pretty fringe for home made rugs is to be obtained by raveling out the good parts of old stockings and mittens. The crinkled appearance is its pretty feature, and it lasts for years under ordinary wear. Excellent effects are obtained by mixing the colors.

A novelty in scrap baskets is made of wooden buckets. Well cleaned paint buckets would do as well as any. A wide space around the top and bottom is nicely gilded, and the middle part covered with a broad band of plush or velvet, either ornamented or plain. The cover, if one is wanted, can be treated to correspond.

Boil potatoes in salted water—one quart of water and one tablespoonful salt for six large potatoes. Cook until soft, but not broken. Drain and dry out. When mealy beat them thoroughly with a fork, add salt to taste, and serve at once piled lightly on a dish. When nicely done you will decide that these are rightly named "snow potatoes."

In putting away summer or winter clothing for the season, label all packages on the outside, and keep handy a memorandum book with the contents of each trunk, drawer or closet, specified; it will prove a saver of time and vexation. One often forgets just where a bundle, or mittens, scarf, etc., were put, especially if the accustomed place has been changed.

Keep if you can, a closet for the sole use of medicines, and appliances for sickness or accidents. A narrow high chimney side closet answers the purpose admirably, with shelves half-way down and deep drawers to fill the remaining space. Bundles of old, soft cotton, and linen pieces, a roll of cotton batting and flannel, the rubber water bag, medicine dropper, bed-pan, and feeding cup, and everything needed in an emergency or long sickness, have every val plainly labeled, those marked poison place always on the upper shelf. Keep the whole under lock and key, the key beyond the reach of children, but easily accessible to older members of the family.

The French courts have ruled that even a key can do duty as a wedding ring.

## SING SING PRISON LIFE.

THE DAILY ROUTINE IN THE GREAT PENITENTIARY.

Daily Fare of the Convicts—Dinner and Supper—The System Employed—Escapes From Sing Sing.

Describing prison life at Sing Sing, a New York *World* reporter says: The standing complaint of the inmates of the prison is the limited bill of fare. For breakfast is bread, hash and coffee; for dinner, bread, meat and potatoes, and for supper, bread and coffee. But the bread is without butter and the coffee is lacking in sugar and milk. One of the convicts thus described it on a piece of brown wrapping paper secretly smuggled into the cell.

We tramp into the mess-room and take a cushioned seat. The hash upon the table is not very rich or sweet.

The coffee is not Java, it's just as black as soot. Being made from that sweet substance—the logging of a boot!

The first two meals of the day are eaten in the mess room, which seats two thousand persons, at half that number of little tables. The men are carefully watched, for this is the time when they are all together, and each keeper is on the alert for any signs of any uprising which is most likely to occur at this time. The convicts are allowed a tin plate and dipper, and a knife, fork and spoon. When the meal is over every man takes his knife and fork with him, and, marching by two huge tubs, drops first the knife and then the fork into it in the presence of a keeper. This is done to prevent a prisoner from secreting a knife about his person as a weapon, or an instrument with which to work his way out of the prison.

At night, when the work in the shop is finished, each prisoner takes his place in the line as it slowly winds through the yard to the cell room. Before it reaches the door of the big white washed building it partially halts, marking time before the long tables on the left hand side of the walk. These tables are set out in the open air in all weather and hold many thousand square chunks of coarse bread. Each prisoner is at liberty to seize one of them if he is left hand, not removing his right from the shoulder of the man before him. The line then files up the long hallway to their cells, and the prisoners are left to their slice of bread and the mug of coffee which is placed in every room during the afternoon.

A regular system is employed at Sing Sing, which descends to even the most trivial matters of every-day life. The prison is awake at a certain hour and the meals are always on time. The work-shops open at such a minute and shut down with equal precision. An hour is set when each man is shaved, and once a week every head is run through the barber's shop, where four men are constantly behind as many chairs. The bath room is also in constant use. Its forty bath tubs are filled with good, clean river water pumped up from the Hudson, and once every week each convict is compelled to take his bath.

In winter the arrangement is by means of heating the apartment. It is but recent that the bath-tubs have been added to the establishment. Formerly it was the custom to run out a picket line of boats off the prison landing and swim the convicts in the river. But with every precaution from the boats and the men or the walls a prisoner would now and then get away by swimming under water.

The escapes from Sing Sing have been remarkably few. The last was on May 26, when Joe Pancois, a Frenchman, managed to get away. He was serving a five-year term for assault. He was a baker by trade, and as there was a vacancy in that department at the prison Joe was sent into the kitchen to work. The bakers are marched out at three o'clock every morning, and with them went Pancois. One day he was missing, and a search revealed his clothes lying near an open window in the bake shop, which looks out upon the Hudson. The man had jumped into the water, where he was noticed struggling by a canal-boatman, but was not seen to land. Nothing was ever heard of the man afterward, and it is believed that he must have been drowned under the prison walls. It is thought by the prison authorities that the present system of double doors and watchmen upon the walls makes escape almost impossible.

Provision is made by the State for all prisoners whose term has expired. If the good behavior commutation is not removed for breach of discipline, three months' yearly allowance is taken off the sentence. Thirty days before the end of the term of imprisonment each convict is allowed to let his hair and beard grow. Before he goes forth into the world again a new suit of clothes is furnished him, and an overcoat during the cold months; besides this, he is given \$5.32—the amount is allowed him by the State to reach his friends once more. When he has once gone free from the walls of Sing Sing he can never return as a visitor, although all others are at any time welcome.

### Eating.

Eating, with its accessories, was intended to contribute immensely to the stock of our enjoyments. Of the legitimate and healthful sorts we have quite too few, as things now go. A change from our unsocial, piggyish bolting to the order, beauty, deliberation and sociability I have suggested, would increase tenfold our table pleasures, and add indefinitely to our health. And this would all come, not with the wealth of a millionaire and at the end of twenty years, but in the cottage of the poor man and to-day.

This is one of a hundred illustrations of a great natural law—to wit: that all our greatest blessings are within the reach of all earnest people, with very little regard to their money or school training.—*Die Lewis.*

### Small and Tall.

My wife is tall, my son is tall, Much taller than his father; To be about as tall as he I very much would rather.

I look small and I am small, but What makes me feel small rather, My wife cut down my son's old clothes, To make them fit his father.—*Exchange.*

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A German chemist has ascertained that poisons—such as prussic acid, corrosive sublimate and sulphuretted hydrogen—destroy the germinating power of seeds.

An electric needle and battery are now used quite extensively for destroying the roots of offensive hairs upon the face. In the case of a young woman with a heavy beard, 8,000 hairs have been removed, the process requiring two or three years, each root having to be killed separately.

Experiments on an extensive scale have been made in Germany to ascertain the relative strength of iron and steel girders. The soft steel girders proved to be twenty-two per cent. and hard steel girders sixty-six per cent. stronger than the iron girders, and it is remarked that it seemed pretty well established that the strength of steel girders is about the same for the two flanges if made alike in section.

The French government has just created a certain number of traveling juries. This is a modified form of an institution established by the first republic. In the organic law of the institute it was ordained that the institute was to select yearly ten citizens to travel abroad and collect information useful to science, commerce and agriculture. These scientific travelers will not be appointed by the academy of science, or the whole institute, but by a special administrative commission, on the basis of a competitive examination.

Extensive ruins have been disclosed by the boundary survey between Guatemala and Mexico. That region was evidently densely inhabited in ancient times, but is now almost denuded of soil. That the process of denudation had begun before the abandonment of the region is shown by the walls and terraces evidently built to check it, and which still retain small tillage patches. The ruins consist mainly of stone floors raised above the ground, upon which, no doubt, lighter superstructures were built. These ruins are considered older than the more familiar ones in Yucatan.

So universal is the cylindrical form of the stems of grasses that reports concerning a square stemmed bamboo of China and Japan have been generally discredited. Very recently, however, such a plant has been proven to exist, and specimens of the stems have been secured by a few English botanists, some of them being now in the Kew museum. Unlike other bamboos of its locality, the square bamboo, it appears, sprouts in the autumn, and attains its full height of ten to fourteen feet the following spring. When young the stems are quite round, their most perfect square shape being attained at the age of several years.

An improved method of tanning—namely, with soap and oil, together with carbolic acid—has been brought to notice by an Australian inventor. The skins, which have been limed in the ordinary manner, also haired and prepared if for the production of sole leather, are placed in a tin bath consisting of a mixture of ten gallons of water, in which 200 pounds of soap are dissolved, and containing one gallon of carbolic acid, in which the skins are left until they have become converted into leather. This process, it is asserted, may be considerably accelerated by adding a pint of fresh carbolic acid to the tanning fluid from time to time. For a softer leather the raw, limed, and haired skins are for one or two days placed in a mixture of four parts carbon bisulphide and one of carbolic acid, and then washed.

### Character in Hair.

There are four type colors of hair—white, blonde, black and brown—and each of these has been subdivided into sixteen different shades.

Persons with soft, long hair of a dark brown, so dark as to appear almost black, are affectionate, gentle and loving. Their first instincts are always good and kind. They like society, and are gracious in manners, and abhor noise, discords and quarrels of all sorts.

People with red brown hair which is very thick, and redder over the ears and at the temples and on the beard than on the head, are courageous and hot-tempered.

Black hair which is perfectly straight without any wave or curl, and which lies in lank, lifeless masses, shows a melancholic disposition; a black beard which grows sparsely gives also the same indication. Black hair which is wavy or curling, and very thick, shows force of affection and a certain ardor in love matters; and so also does a thick and crisp textured black beard and mustache.

Hair of that colorless fair color which French writers call blonde cendre, or ash-colored, denotes persons of an indolent and dreamy temperament. Golden hair of a soft, pale gold without undulation shows gentleness and tenderness, but no force of character.

Persons with red hair are ardent and vivacious, especially if with it they have hazel eyes, in which case they have a bright and quick intelligence.

Bright golden hair of a rich deep color and of a crisp and waving texture, growing thickly on the head and somewhat low on the brow, shows an ardent, poetic and artistic temperament. Such people are generally fond of music, painting or poetry, are a little quick of temper, that is, easily ruffled, but they are quickly appeased; they are gay and interest themselves in art, even if they are not artists themselves.—*Treasure Trove.*

### Curious Facts in American History.

There are many curious facts in American history. Three vice-presidents, Gerry, Hendricks and Wilson, died in November at dates which might all come in a single week. No President, either in or out of office, has died in November, though six have died in July and four in June. Garfield died in September, Lincoln in April, Taylor in July and Harrison in April. Two vice-presidents have been indicted for treason. These were Aaron Burr and John C. Breckinridge. One vice-president, John C. Calhoun, resigned his office, and seven men have held both presidential and vice-presidential chairs. John Adams, Washington's vice-president, succeeded him in the White House. Jefferson, Adams' vice-president, did likewise, and Martin Van Buren, one of Jackson's vice-presidents, was his successor. The other four became President by death. They were Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur.—*Chicago Herald.*

## JEWELS IN THE WINDOWS.

My jewels in the window are looking out for me, They clap their childish, chubby hands when "Papa dear" they see. And just as evening twilight has deepened into gloom, I hear their cheery voices ringing 'round the room.

The rain of snow and winter blow fiercely in my face, And many pangs of sorrow I've suffered in life's race; But those jewels in the window inspire my soul with joy, My charming little daughter and my darling little boy.

God help the poor and patient, who wander weak and lone, Bereft of home and children, with naught to call their own; No cheering light to guide them in all the gathering gloom.

No jewels in the window, no welcome in the room.

Yet hearts like those may ponder and hope to reach at last

A blissful home beyond the skies when earthly ills are past; And in some heavenly mansion, amid celestial bloom,

Bright jewels in the window may greet them in the room.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A swordsman rarely makes a good politician because he is on the fence.

"What is your circulation?" asked the inquisitive individual of the editor. "Blood principally," was the calm reply.

Many a man finds out after marriage to a pretty girl that what he thought a thing of beauty is a jawey forever.

There are 1,000,000 people who live "on tick" in this country, not including 50,000 telegraph operators.—*New York Graphic.*

Bob Ingersoll refuses to kneel in religious devotion, and yet a pinch of snuff can bring him to his knees.—*Hatchet.*

A Hampshire street grocer wants to know how to protect dry peaches from the cold. Put ear muffs on 'em.—*Saturday Optic.*

Time is money, they say. And we have often observed that it takes a good deal of money to have a good time.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Dear me, I'm continually getting into hot water," said the oyster. "Well, you needn't make such a stew, said the spoon.—*Palmer Journal.*

"Mother," said a little girl who was trying to master a pair of tight boots, "It's no use talking, I can't wear them. My toes can't get a chance to breathe."—*Lynn Union.*

Customer—"Why, hang it, man! You're wiping off my plate with your handkerchief." New Waiter—"That's all right. I'm going to put it in the wash next week, anyhow."—*Siftings.*

The moon shone softly down on them, And life seemed more than words could utter. He said, "We'll live on, my gem." She said she wanted bread and butter.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Mrs. Professor Matrix—"Professor, you should have told me earlier in the evening that you wished that button sewed on. Here it is midnight and I—" Professor Matrix—"Wife, it is never too late to mend."—*Tid Bits.*

Minister's wife (rather trying at times) "How much did you get for performing that marriage ceremony this morning?" Minister—"Two dollars." Wife—"Only two dollars?" Minister—"Yes. The poor fellow said he had been married before, and I hadn't the heart to charge him more than that."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Tramp (at the back door)—"Will you please give me something to eat?" Woman—"Not a thing." Tramp—"Nor nuthin' to drink?" Woman—"Nor nuthin' to drink?" Tramp—"No cast-off clothes?" Woman—"None." Tramp—"Well, would you tell a poor, unfortunate man what time it is?"—*St. Paul Globe.*

### A Dog that Can Climb a Tree.

A recent letter from Ariel, Penn., to the *New York Times* says: It is very rare that a raccoon falls a victim to the hunter after cold weather has set in, for it is a hibernating animal, and stows itself away on the approach of winter. The average weight of a coon is 20 pounds, and the hunter who captures one in the height of the most favorable coon feeding season which weighs more is looked upon as having accomplished a notable feat. James Sandys, of Hunter's Range, during the fall killed 39 coons, and on Saturday surprised the community by fetching in the "boss of all coons," a mammoth fellow that weighed 35 pounds, the largest by eight pounds ever captured in this vicinity. Sandys hunts with an unusually active and intelligent dog. On Saturday he was out after pheasants, when this coon sprang out of a stone wall and gave the dog as lively a chase with the thermometer at zero as any coon ever did in September. After a run of a mile the coon ran up a large tree, the trunk of which leaned at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When Sandys reached the spot he found that the dog had not only treed the coon, but had also treed himself, for he had run up the leaning trunk of the tree and reached the very top, where the coon had crept out on the extremity of a branch beyond the reach of the dog. Sandys brought the coon to the ground with a charge from his gun, but had greater difficulty in recovering his dog. The animal couldn't descend the tree trunk, and the hunter had to "skin" up and bring him down. The dog was sixty feet up in the air, and the lowest branch of the tree was twenty feet from the ground. When Sandys got down to that branch, with the dog's neck grasped in one hand, he found that he couldn't descend any further without using both hands. But the dog settled the matter by squirming loose and dropping to the ground on his feet.

A cloth with cork threads through it has been invented. It looks like ordinary wear, yet prevents the body from sinking in water.



paired.	18septly	P. O., Mass.	1jan2w
---------	----------	--------------	--------







## ONLY A SONG.

It was only a simple ballad,  
Sung to a careless throng;  
There were none that knew the singer,  
And few that heeded the song;  
Yet the singer's voice was tender,  
And sweet as love untold;  
Surely those hearts were hardened  
That left so hard and cold.

She sang of the wondrous glory  
That touches the woods in spring,  
Of the strange soul-stirring voices  
When "the hills break forth and sing."  
Of the happy birds low warbling  
The requiem of the day,  
And the quiet hush of the valleys  
In the dusk of the gloaming gray.

And one in a distant corner—  
A woman worn with strife—  
Heard in that song a message  
From the springtime of her life,  
Fair forms rose up before her  
From the mist of vanished years;  
She sat in a happy blindness,  
Her eyes were veiled in tears.

Then when the song was ended,  
And hushed the last sweet tone,  
The listener rose up softly  
And went on the way alone.  
Once more to her life of labor  
She passed, but her heart was strong;  
And she prayed, "God bless the singer!  
And, oh, thank God for the song!"

—Chambers' Journal.

## A THOUSAND TO FIVE.

If you take a sharp turn to the right midway on the alley road between the city of Oxon and Littlemore Asylum a beautiful green lane will bring you to the locks and the narrow foot-bridge which for convenience is placed across the flood gates that you may pass to the opposite bank of the Thames. The antique city lies still to your right with its spires, and domes, and college towers, which stand out in the clear-cut, dark, uprights against the wintry, gray sky, or, in the blue haze of the summer mist, appear as if dressed in purple gauze.

The bank on which you stand has a wide foot-path, which narrows as you recede from the city. Here the river deepens slightly, reflecting luxurious green shrubbery, while a few yards farther on the stream grows so shallow that rank though not unicturesque weeds and water-flowers spring up to greet the eye.

In the early morning or on summer evenings true admirers of the beautiful never miss this spot. Lovers, the invalid, the weary student—all alike here find rest and long to breathe in an air that seems to stir into life everything in the vicinity.

It was the day after the Oxford and Cambridge boat race. At the former university things were unusually quiet, though the crews were far from discouraged. At the latter there was high glee. After many successive years of struggling and defeat, Cambridge had once more won the day. The fates had decided in her favor.

Yet a few earnest coxswains and trainers might be seen in busy conversation at the various newly-painted and gilded boat-houses and not a few canoes and gigs had demanded an opening of the locks that morning. Still the marked excitement and bustle of the three preceding days had now all but died away. A sober air pervaded everything. Song-birds from their boughs but twittered slightly and seemed to glance askance at passers-by.

"Yes, Jack, that was the bet."

"Frightful odds, wasn't it?" chimed in Bently Knoll.

"But, say, old fellow, do tell us that tale," pursued the first speaker, a stalwart among the three young crack oarsmen of the first Oxford crew.

He addressed Paul Clifton. They were seated with elbows on knees and half reclining over the rail of Magdalen College boat house. All were attired in loose blouses, sleeves tucked up, white boating trousers, and canvas shoes.

Paul Clifton, or "Capt. Cliff," as his companions sometimes called him, was the oldest fellow in his college. With a forehead largely intellectual, though pinched in face, and slightly stooped, he was deemed the largest-hearted fellow in all Oxfordshire. The whole faculty loved him and the meaneast undergraduate in his presence had no fears.

"I'm a whale if you fellows don't bore a man," was the reply, accompanied with the best natured of grins.

"But say, Cliff, we chaps never heard that story, and then, you tell it so well."

A slap between the shoulders, and Paul coughed. All laughed heartily, and the old scholar began:

"Well, my lads, you must know that Maud Cavellier, as we called her, was in her own right one of the noblest, wealthiest, prettiest, and proudest ladies in all Oxon. She had seen nineteen beautiful summers, and the winters could not have been very severe, for they had left nothing cold or ugly or objectionable in her nature. Yet, as I said, she was proud, and she had a right to be. Yes, she was a gem of a girl—a regular darling. Both her parents were dead, and her uncle, with whom she lived, was dean of Magdalen college, and one among the most indulgent of old gentlemen.

"Throughout our university city Lady Maud was the rage and adoration of young and old. I have heard it said that, like a morning star, she lit the path of many a poor professor and 'care-worn student. They did not all love her, for the simple reason that they dared not. But it did the fellows good to sit in their windows and see her float past on her customary morning walk. Tell you, my lads," and Clifton struck his brawny thigh as if to emphasize what he said, "there are some women who are to the earth as angels, and to marry them is in part to spoil them. Such was Lady Maud. Love was in the air she exhaled, and tenderness seemed to wait from the very folds of her garment whither she moved.

"Well, it was just twenty-seven years ago, and Christopher Lund was the poorest undergraduate of college. So poor that the chapel mice shunned his scanty apartments and ran affrighted into their holes at his approach. Yet by his pen he managed to maintain himself at college and in a large measure helped to support an invalid sister at an incurable home in Wales. He was a quiet, earnest, honest fellow, and we all pitied him,

and, without his knowing it, helped him in a hundred little ways.

"Next to my room, and domiciled in luxury, lived young Tankerville, the scion of our college. His father's inheritance had but fallen to him some months before, and he deserved it. He was a capital fellow, large-hearted, empty-headed, and brimfull of sport. His pocket book was ever open. Many a struggling fellow who went to bed at night worrying over the expenses of the morning woke up in the morning to find placed between the leaves of his Latin or Greek exercise book a small note on the bank of England. At first such unusual beneficence puzzled us, but we very soon discovered its true author.

"It was one of those sultry July mornings at the date referred to when Lund, Tankerville, myself and five other chums stood under a broad tree near the main gate of the new Botanic gardens. Through the branches and short shrubs we could all but see Magdalen college bridge. We had turned out for an airing that morning. Cigars were lighted and anecdotes of interest were being told, when suddenly the conversation turned and the subject of our remarks became the belle and the 'First Lady in Oxon'.

"Hold," cried Tankerville, pointing in the direction of the bridge. "Why, there she is. Speak of an angel and—"

"She rarely ever appears," I rejoined.

"By Jove!" and on her morning walk to I fled," he continued.

"I glanced at the speaker and said, 'Strange, Tank, that no man seems to have ever approached, much less attempted to woo, Lady Maud'.

"She is proud," returned Tankerville, and his eyes dropped a little. Brightening up a little, however, he looked in the direction of Lund, and, with the faintest twinkle of the left eye, exclaimed, with emphasis, 'A thousand to five that not a man in Oxon will kiss Lady Maud without offending her'.

"I'll take your wager," replied Christopher Lund, quietly, and what is more, will accomplish the feat publicly and within thirty minutes."

"I need not say how the boys stood apart and gazed at Lund in utter wonderment. There was silence, but only for an instant longer. Tankerville and Christopher shook hands. Lund for a moment scratched his forehead, and, half-soliloquizing, said, 'But where to raise the five pounds?'

"Oh, Chris, never mind that," we all said in one voice. "Here, old fellow, we'll loan you the sum."

"Well, boys, I never saw a lad look as he did for fully a minute. His eyes were literally aghast, and his whole being seemed strangely animated. Within three minutes later our plans were completed. Tankerville and our humble servant were to follow Christopher at a safe distance, while he was to approach Miss Maud Cavellier midway on the Iley road. No sooner said than done. The other fellows agreed to remain in the shrub garden, and for more than half an hour smoked, chatted, and speculated widely as to Christopher's venture. We walked leisurely behind while Lund bowed forward with a light step. For fully a quarter of an hour all was suspense. Our heroine had advanced far ahead; but Christopher was quick in his movements and presently was within a few yards of Lady Maud.

"We saw him gracefully remove his cane and walk to her side. Lightning-like we observed her draw up and face Lund as in indignation. As watchers only, myself and Tankerville were too far behind to overhear anything. In less than an hour, however, the latter soon became convinced that he had lost the wager. Yet for months afterward he pestered me to obtain all the particulars associated with Lund's daring act. At last I gave in and obtained an introduction to her ladyship, then a wife.

"Her account of the little episode of that July morning was touching. I shall never forget it. In her own words, softened now and again by a smile, she said:

"Mr. Lund, on removing his cap, bowed low, and said: 'Madam, you are a lady; I am a gentleman. As such, the laws of etiquette forbid me to approach you without due introduction. When, however, you have heard my speech, I know full well that your mercy and gentleness of spirit will suspend all law in my behalf. A wager of a thousand pounds has this day been laid that no man in Oxon will dare approach and tender you a kiss without giving you just offense. I have undertaken to succeed and my claims upon you are these: I am the poorest among the poor law students at college. I have an invalid sister at a home in Wales. Her life hangs on a thread and a thousand pounds may aid in sparing her to me. I love her with devotion that exceeds desperation, and should she die, I feel that my life will be a blank.'"

"Of course, I allowed him the kiss—an act which he performed with a grace I shall never forget. On hearing his tale, and as his lips pressed my cheek, I felt a tear quivering beneath my eyelid. I turned quickly to brush it off and the young man was gone. The wager, you will say, was well won. And now, Mr. Clifton, you know the rest. My Chris is to-day the dearest and gentlest, and among the most unselfish of husbands.

"Boys," said Paul Clifton, drawing himself up, "my story is told. My old friend is no more a struggling law student. His sister lives and is in joyous health at this hour. Lady Lund, our best society and is adored by poor and rich. And, Christopher, why he is no less a personage than the squire of—well, you fellows never mind where."—Chicago Tribune.

**Sunshine, Song and Sadness.**  
The oriole sings  
And the sunshine flings  
Its gold through my window pane,  
And a sweet perfume  
Steals into my room  
From the lilacs in the lane.

The skies are clear  
In the school yard near  
The children romp in glee;  
The earth is bright  
In the glad sunlight,  
But what is it all to me?

For, across the way,  
There's a dim day  
That tortures my weary brain;  
The maiden fair,  
With golden hair,  
Is at the piano again.

—Boston Courier.

## A KENTUCKY COURT SCENE.

**HOW A LOUISVILLE JUDGE PRESIDED IN A LAWLESS REGION.**  
Plunging in a N n-Complying Witness on a Litter—Where Nerve Carried the Day.

A recent letter from Louisville to the Chicago Herald, says: The chief trouble attending the conviction of the desperadoes whose acts of violence in some sections of Kentucky have for years produced a reign of terror, and a cause which is not understood by those who only read accounts of the crimes committed, has been the failure on the part of the prosecuting attorneys and criminal judges to do their duty. This failure is to be attributed to what may best be called "local influences." If a judge belongs to one faction, or owes his election to a particular party, his opponents at once declare their inability to receive fair treatment at his hands, and will fight rather than be tried. In one of the counties where scores had been killed who belonged to opposing factions, and where houses were barricaded, the law abandoned, where women and children were armed, and the extermination of the entire population a matter of early possibility, the governor requested Judge William L. Jackson, of the Louisville Circuit, to hold court. Nobody thought the Louisville judge would comply, but in this they were mistaken, for he proceeded forthwith to the scene of bloodshed, quietly announced his presence and made known his mission. These facts excited the greatest curiosity throughout the county, and when the day of trial came on the whole populace appeared in the court house with but little exception. The first case, one of murder, was called. All the witnesses responded to their names save one. "We must have that witness, Mr. Sheriff," said the court, firmly.

"If your honor pleases I can't get him," said the county sheriff.

"That's no excuse, sir; have him here without fail in four hours. Let the court stand adjourned until 2 o'clock." And as Judge Jackson finished speaking he arose from the bench with dignified ease, calmly put on his hat and walked from the court room alone, to the great astonishment of the natives, whose regular justice would have remained until perfectly satisfied that no enemy was near. At 2 o'clock court again convened. The bail of the sheriff, "Oh yes, oh yes, court is now open," had scarce died out before Judge Jackson asked sternly: "Mr. Sheriff, have you brought that witness in court?"

The sheriff, answering in the negative, gave as his reason for failure to obey the court that he found the house of the witness barricaded and full of armed mountaineers, who swore they would kill any man who attempted to enter.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the court, very sharply, "such an excuse is not to be thought of, and will not be entertained. I want the witness here at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, if you have to bring him on a litter. Mark you, sir, a failure to comply on your part will compel this court to fine and imprison you to the full extent of the law. Do your duty, sir."

To say that the natives were astonished does not convey the slightest idea of their true feelings. All that afternoon and next morning there was a universal desire to see the "city judge close," and the fellow who got to shake hands with him had all the free drinks he desired.

Court opened promptly at 10 o'clock. "Mr. Sheriff, have you that witness?" asked the court.

"Yes, your honor," spoke the sheriff, excitedly; "he's coming."

A curious sight presented itself now. Half a dozen stalwart men appeared carrying another, who was the missing witness. One arm hung limp at his side, a leg refused to do its duty, blood trickled from all over his head, and an immense bandage concealed one eye.

"Stand up, sir," spoke the court, and with the aid of his captors, the fellow assumed as far as an upright position as his wounds would permit.

"What do you mean by evading the law?" asked the judge.

"I didn't know it was your court, sir. I thought they wanted to take me to Louisville for moonshining. I knew as how there were deputy marshals about, sir."

"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, "are there any United States marshals in this section?"

The clerk said there were and that they had warrants for the civil witness, whereupon he directed the sheriff to bring every one of them into court, an order soon complied with. Eight United States marshals faced the court. "Gentlemen," began the judge, "have you warrants for any of these witnesses?"

"Yes, sir, for nearly all of them, and four for this chap," answered a marshal, indicating the wounded man.

"Well, gentlemen, I am holding court here now, and if you interfere with me in any manner whatever, I'll put you all in jail for a year—every one of you. Let this case begin."

The trial proceeded, and more convictions followed than had happened previously in the whole life of the county of Breathitt, which is now one of the best in Kentucky and where capital is now finding the richest canal coal in the world, England not excepted.

Judge Jackson recently went to Letcher county at Governor Knott's request.

"Will you need a hundred men?" asked a local friend of justice who well knew the desperate affairs which had marked every previous trial of the accused.

"No," thundered the Judge, "this court is equal to a hundred men itself."

This remark went the rounds like wildfire, and during the long trials which followed enabled the court to conduct its business without the slightest jar.

As has been maintained by the Times, in dealing with Kentucky feeds the only thing necessary to make peaceable and good citizens out of the lawless men of the mountains of Kentucky has been the need of men like Judge Jackson, whose nerve and firmness find respect as quickly with desperadoes as with peaceable citizens. Governor Knott expressed himself as much pleased with the manner in which Judge Jackson has conducted court in the mountains. "I would rather send him to try these lawless people than a regiment of soldiers," observed the governor in a conversation recently.

served the governor in a conversation recently.

## The Potato.

No article of common food has been more abused than the humble potato. Yet no other vegetable is capable of being put to so many uses. It is the rival of bread, and shares with it the honor of always being found in its place on our tables. Everybody, except some dyspeptics, can eat potatoes, but it is not every one who knows the best way of eating them or of cooking them.

A baked potato is always nutritious. Boiled potatoes are scarcely worth their salt if they are left to soak in the kettle. Mashed potatoes are good if served with milk, pepper and salt.

Fried potatoes, sliced and fried in fat or butter, are palatable, but much harder to digest than baked ones. The popular "Saratoga chips" do not retain the distinctive potato flavor, and have lost most of its nutriment.

The most easy and effectual way to secure the genuine flavor of the potato is to cook it according to this rule:

Pare the potato and slice it up, but not too thin; place the slices in a large pie-dish, as if you were to make an apple pie, pour into the dish a very little water, drop a few slices of butter upon the potatoes, sprinkle them with salt and pepper, cover the whole with another plate and set the dish in a hot oven. Twenty minutes' time is sufficient for the baking. The writer has tried this rule and always with success. The potatoes have a distinctive flavor to be gained by no other method of cooking.

The history of the potato exhibits the strength of prejudice and the ease with which a trifling circumstance will often remove it. The introduction of the potato into the gardens and on to the tables of the people of Europe encountered for more than two centuries, such opposition that the philosophers of the age were powerless to persuade the people to use the tuber.

Louis XV. of France one day wore a bunch of potato flowers at a court festival. Then the people obsequiously acknowledged that the potato might be useful, and in a few years its cultivation as an article of food became universal.

The potato's stalk produces in Austria a cottony flax. In Sweden sugar is extracted from its roots. By combustion it yields a quantity of potash. Its apples, when ripe, ferment and yield vinegar by exposure, or spirit by distillation. Its tubercles made into a pulp are used as a substitute for soap in bleaching. By different manipulations it is made to furnish two kinds of flour, a gruel, and a cellular pith which in times of scarcity may be made into bread or applied to increase the bulk of bread made from grain. Its starch is little, if at all, inferior to the Indian arrowroot.

The potato is a native of South America; but the cultivated plant yields a product infinitely superior in quantity and quality to its wild brother. One of the sentences in a Dakota orator's speech eulogized the potato. He said:

"Very often an entire family in Dakota sits upon one end of a potato while the other end is roasting in the fire."

Louis XV. would have been proud of his potato blossom bouquet could he have foreseen such a growth of the potato as this Dakota variety.—Youths Companion.

## An Expensive Chronometer.

The following anecdote is very characteristic: One of Astor's best captains had made six voyages to China without a chronometer, but just before sailing on his seventh voyage he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be better to have one. "Get one," said the millionaire.

The captain did so, and entered its cost on the account current. When Astor's eye fell upon the item he drew his pen through it. The captain expostulated.

"Deuce take it, man," said Astor, "I told you to get one, but I did not say I would pay for it."

The old seaman left Mr. Astor's employment at once and went down-town, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated. In three days he set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under a new commander, also set sail. The voyage to Hong Kong was very close, but the captain who, as he used to say, had "discharged John Jacob Astor," by keeping the men at the braces, took advantage of every breath of wind and won by three days. The ship was loaded in the shortest possible time, and before Astor's vessel, which had arrived in the mean time, was half loaded our captain weighed anchor, and with a full cargo of tea sailed for New York. He arrived in good time and hoisted out the cargo, which was sold at auction on the spot. The market was thereby overstocked, and when Astor's ship arrived the price had fallen. Some time afterward, as the captain was walking down Broadway, he met Mr. Astor.

"How much did that chronometer cost you?" the latter asked.

"Six hundred dollars."

"Well," said Astor, "that was cheap; it cost me \$60,000."

Mr. Astor was actively engaged in business for over forty years. In 1830 he retired with a fortune of \$20,000,000, which in the next eighteen years doubled itself by the simple process of compound interest. Mr. Astor's last years were passed at his town residence, on Broadway, opposite Niblo's Garden. Towards the close of his life his body became feeble, but his mind retained much of its original vigor. On the 29th of March, 1838, he died, in the 85th year of his age. The bulk of his fortune was left to his favorite child, William B. Astor, who was already worth four millions. More than half a million was left for benevolent purposes. Besides \$400,000 to the library, \$50,000 were left to the poor of his native village in Germany, \$30,000 to the German Society of New York, \$20,000 to the Home for Aged Ladies, \$5,000 to the German Orphan Asylum, etc.—New York World.

## The Days That Are Gone.

I met her by the sandy shore,  
Where we, together, viewed the sea;  
And listening to its far-off roar,  
She vowed she would be true to me.

The winter came; her heart did rove,  
And she explained, this damsel vain,  
"I said I would return your love;  
I meant I'd give it back again."

—Tid Bits.

## NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Hosiery is shown in every color and combination of color.

In spite of predictions to the contrary, corduroy is popular for walking suits.

Mrs. Milatovitch, wife of the Serbian minister to Great Britain, is an American lady.

Fine jet is much employed in millinery, made up in wings, leaves, aigrettes or spikes.

Plush is the leading fabric for all toilettes: even thin evening dresses are trimmed with it.

Curly astrakhan or krimmer will be superseded by the soft, wavy astrakhan. The galleons even are showing less curl.

Mrs. General Custer proposes to follow her "Boots and Saddles" with a book for children, descriptive of life on the plains.

Gloves are shown in every form, size, color and quality, and it is a decidedly difficult matter to tell what the approved style is.

The latest news from over the sea concerning bonnets is that they are to be quite small, without strings and with scarcely any trimming.

Rev. Miss Hughes, a bright matto girl, was among the preachers ordained recently to the ministry of the Methodist church in North Carolina.

The Japanese cats' eyes, which are now fashionable ornaments, are the polished hinge, or thick knob at the hinge, of the pearl oyster.

Pearlie Gleason, a little girl only nine years old, took the first prize for oil painting at the Los Angeles fair. Her subject was "Christmas Roses."

Linen collars and cuffs are approved of to be worn inside the dog collar by those who do not go to the extreme of fashion in this idiotic feature of fashion's whims.

One of the wedding presents of an Alabama bride was a bottle of pepper sauce. The bridegroom is said to have eyed it nervously as an omen of future events.

Miss Virginia Macafee is one of the most prosperous planters in Mississippi. Her plantation in Holmes county, managed by herself, yields as fine a crop of corn as any in the Yazoo valley.

No matter what the age, beauty or homeliness, grace or uncouthness of a woman, the hair is, at present, worn off the neck and high on the head. The effect is sometimes beautiful, but more frequently frightful.

Miss Mary Lee, daughter of the late General Robert E. Lee, is an indefatigable traveler. She is now visiting her cousin, United States Minister Lewis in Portugal, and before she returns to this country will extend her tour to Japan.

It is now the proper thing for young ladies to wear aprons when in home toilet, and they are as fanciful as possible. The prettiest, however, are after the design of the Russian peasant apron, embroidered in heavy bands of blue and red cross stitch. India silks make very pretty and useful fancy aprons, being washable. A sprig of any flowering vine is embroidered in Kensington stitch in one corner.

The latest importations for trimmings for elegant costumes are passementeries. They come in rich and fantastic designs of pyramids, canopies, butterflies, flowers and other devices worked in the new wooden and rosary beads. One wide band of this kind of trimming has a still wider fringe of two shades of olive wood beads exquisitely carved, mingling with finely carved black wood beads, finished with a fringe of polished rosewood beads in fuschia shape.

Fifty-Two Children in Nineteen Years

The most extraordinary case of fecundity that I ever heard of came to my knowledge last week, says a Naples (Italy) letter to the Paris Register. About twenty-five miles from here, and by rail two or three stations beyond Pompeii, is the historical city of Nocera (the Nucera of the ancients). In the rione, or ward, of Liposta lives Maddalena Granata, aged forty-seven, who was married at the age of twenty-eight to a peasant, just nineteen years ago. Maddalena Granata has given birth to, either dead or living, fifty-two children, forty-nine of whom were males. She enjoys florid health, is robust, and twenty-four hours after her last accouchement was ready to go out to her accustomed labor in the field. She has no hesitancy in conversing with any one about her extraordinary prolificness. Her physician, Dr. Raphael de Sanctis, of Nocera, says that there is not the least exaggeration in these statements. Has any one ever heard of such phenomenal fecundity in the whole history of maternity—fifty-two children, alive or dead, in nineteen years! She has had triplets fifteen times.

## In the Hospitals.

Baltimore and Philadelphia hospital physicians are prescribing the new proprietary medicine, Red Star Cough Cure. It contains neither morphia, opium, nor any other injurious ingredients. The price is only 25 cents.

The site of the city of Boston was sold in 1635 by John Blackstone for \$20.

TAKE THE TESTIMONY of seven out of every ten men you meet, and they will all complain of annoyance from "constipation" and its attendant lassitude, headache, flatulence, &c. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS is a specific for this ailment. It acts gently, but surely, and will regulate the system, cultivate a natural appetite and digestion and insure relief.

The Sunday collections in Spurgeon's great congregation in London average \$345.

Man's inhumanity to woman makes countless thousands mourn, would be an applicable rendering of Pope's line, in view of the indignities she has suffered and pains undergone at the hands of unskillful physicians and quacks. Naturally modest she suffers on until forced to consult a physician regarding some female difficulty which she well knows is sapping her strength. All this embarrassment can be avoided and a cure effected by purchasing Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" of your druggist, and taking as directed. Price reduced to one dollar.

TYPE-SETTING in this country is said to cost \$20,000,000 annually.

Relief is immediate, and a cure sure. Pisco's Remedy for Catarrh. 50 cents.

**VINEGAR BITTERS**  
A purgative and tonic, purifies the blood, strengthens the liver and kidneys, and will restore health, however lost.

**Vinegar Bitters** is the only remedy discovered for promoting digestion, curing headache and increasing the vital powers.

Vinegar Bitters assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Vinegar Bitters is the great disease preventer, and stands at the head of all family remedies. No house should ever be without it.

Vinegar Bitters cures Malaria, Biliousness and other fevers, diseases of the Heart, Liver and Kidneys, and a hundred other painful disorders.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases of the Catarrh of the Intestines and Tobacco, which last should be in the hands of every child and youth in the country.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N. Y.

N. Y. N. U. 1

**GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY**

**CURES ALL HUMORS,**  
from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofulous, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," or "Itch on the Neck," in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine, "Golden Medical Discovery." Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetters, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Bores, Ulcers, Scrofulous Sores, and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

**"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY,"** Thoroughly cleanses the blood, improves the Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and a strong constitution, will be established.

**CONSUMPTION,**  
which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is produced by a certain cause, and cured by this Golden Medical Discovery, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terrible fatal disease, when first offering the most celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and other properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

**CHRONIC DISEASES**  
OF THE  
**Liver, Blood, and Lungs.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have a yellow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or chest, or headache, or nervousness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy broodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from "Biliousness, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver," or "Biliousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Hiccoughs, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. PIERCE'S book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

**PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES \$5.00.**  
World's Dispensary Medical Association,  
Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

**Pierce's LITTLE**  
**pleasant LIVER**  
**and BILIOUS**  
**PILLS.**  
ANTI-BILIOUS AND CATHARTIC.  
Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

**\$500 REWARD**  
is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.

If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or being unable to wear glasses, or pain in the head, or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption.

Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.

**ENGINES**  
AND  
**BOILERS**  
OF ALL SIZES.  
We have the largest stock of engines and boilers in the city, and tell you what you want.

W. R. W. PAYNE & SONS, Druggists 3850, ELKINS N. Y., or by mail, 100 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa. CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass. Our patented Vertical Boiler will not prime. No danger of burning flues.



## THE BUTCHER'S BUSINESS.

**HOW THE SALE OF MEAT IS OAR-  
RIED ON IN A BIG CITY.**

**What the Various Parts of a Three-  
Year-Old Steer Sell for—Other  
Meats and Turkeys.**

A corn fed three year old steer weighing from 700 to 800 pounds dressed is the favorite animal with the butcher, this weight just striking the golden mean between too much fat and too little. Larger animals are wasteful, because too much of the carcass is fat which people will not eat. Thin animals are equally objectionable. The best steers are usually grade animals or half breeds, short horns, Hereford or polled Angus, it being a well known fact that the half breed or grade, the produce of a thoroughbred sire and a native mother, is a better animal to fatten than even the thoroughbred. The top price paid by the butchers for a steer of this class is from 8 1/2 to 9 cents per pound, which for a steer weighing 800 pounds would be from \$68 to \$72. Let us see how the butcher gets his money back. In New York and Brooklyn the cutting up of a steer has been reduced to a science, the main object of which is to make the animal yield as many good cuts as possible. The best cuts are sold for prices that look very high, but then a good deal has to be sold at a low figure. The choice cut of a steer is that from which the porterhouse steak is obtained, and is really the forward part of the sirloin. Of this cut such a steer will have 50 pounds on each side, of which 30 pounds will sell for 28 cents a pound and the remainder at 25 cents, or perhaps even as low as 22 cents. Behind this is the sirloin proper, weighing about 30 pounds a side, and selling at 18, 20 and 22 cents. Behind this again is the rump, weighing about 25 pounds a side. This is usually pickled and sold at from 12 to 14 cents a pound. The round and leg, which are below the rump, will weigh about 65 pounds a side, of which about 15 pounds will be good steak, selling for 18 cents. The balance is sold for stew meat, pot roasts, or made into corned beef. The price will run from 10 to 14 cents for clear, boneless meat. Forward of the porterhouse cuts are the rib pieces, weighing about 15 pounds a side, and retailing at from 20 to 22 cents for roasts. Forward of this are the chuck and neck. These weigh about 100 pounds a side, of which about 20 pounds will sell for 12 cents a pound for steak. The remainder is sold for 5, 6 and 8 cents, in fact for whatever it will bring, and is used largely for soup. The plate and navel, weighing 130 pounds in good steers, is too fat to be sold by the butcher at retail and is usually disposed of to some packing house at 4 1/2 cents a pound. The flank will weigh about 35 pounds and contains about 3 or 4 pounds of meat, worth 10 cents, and the balance is fat which is sold to the soap factories at 2 1/2 cents. The two kidneys, with the suet attached to them, will weigh about 40 lbs. The kidneys sell for 12 cents each, the suet for 10 cents per pound. The joint of the hind leg, weighing from 12 to 44 lbs., is sold for from 55 to 60 cents, the same part of the fore leg for 36 cents. The latter weighs from 7 to 8 lbs., and both are excellent for soup. The liver is sold for 8 cents per pound. The head does not come to the butcher at all, but is sold for bologna sausage meat at 2 cents per pound. The result of the butcher's financial operation, provided that the whole animal is sold at the best advantage, will be something like this:

60 lbs. porter house, at 28c..... \$16 80  
40 lbs. porter house, at 25c..... 10 00  
40 lbs. sirloin, at 18c, 20c, and 22c, average 20c..... 12 00  
50 lbs. rump, at 14c..... 7 00  
30 lbs. round, at 18c..... 5 40  
100 lbs. round, at 10c, to 14c, average 12c..... 12 00  
50 lbs. rib, at 20c, to 22c, average 21c..... 10 50  
40 lbs. chuck steak, at 12c..... 4 80  
100 lbs. neck, at 5c, 6c, and 8c, average 7c..... 12 20  
130 lbs. plate and navel, at 4 1/2c..... 5 52  
80 lbs. flank, at 2 1/2c..... 75  
5 lbs. flank, at 10c..... 50  
40 lbs. kidney suet, 10c..... 4 00  
Liver, heart, suet, etc..... 3 00

Total..... \$68 00  
Deduct cost of animal 800 lbs., at 8 1/2c..... \$103 47  
Apparent profit..... \$5 47

There are, however, many cattle sold in Brooklyn at a much cheaper rate than the price indicated. The Texas cattle are the cheapest, and they have been known to be as low as from 3 to 4 cents per pound by the carcass. The bulk of the cheap meat sold in Brooklyn comes from Texas cattle, although Chicago dressed beef has been at times very low. The price has been in some cases as low as 3 cents by the carcass.

The majority of the sheep sold in this market by the best butchers come from Chicago and are dressed there. A great many sheep also come from Canada, and they are well liked, but the long transportation hurts them. A good many sheep are killed in Brooklyn, on Hudson avenue, and a still larger number in New York. For city dressed the butcher pays from 7 to 7 1/2 cents by the carcass, and for Chicago dressed from 6 1/2 to 7 cents. It is not necessary to go into much detail about the cutting up of a sheep. A good deal of the animal is cut up into chops, at from 20 to 25 cents per pound. The leg is sold from 12 to 14 cents for roasting. With regard to lambs the best butchers buy city dressed exclusively, a great many of which come from Canada and a large number from Ohio. Chicago dressed lambs are not liked, and are not much sold. Lamb chops are sold for 25 cents, and the legs from 16 to 18 cents for roasts. City dressed lambs cost 8 1/2 cents by the carcass. While parts of the sheep are sold at a high figure other parts, such as the shoulder and breast, are sold quite low, at from 5 to 6 cents per pound.

The best Brooklyn butchers do not touch Chicago dressed pigs. The best are got from New Jersey, and the favorite size is from 100 to 150 pounds. Pork of this size from an animal four or five months old is by far the sweetest and best and is as tender as turkey. Such porkers cost the butchers from 6, 6 1/2 and 7 cents, according to size—the latter price being demanded for small animals weighing 75 pounds. Sucking pigs weighing from 12 to 14 pounds cost \$1.50 to \$1.75. The cutting up of a pig is now very simply done, the great part after the hams are cut off being cut in a long strip for bacon. Belly pork costs 12 cents, the loin 8 to 12 cents, bacon 12

cents, smoked hams 12 cents by the ham. The lard, which forms a considerable part of the pig, sells for 10 cents at retail, or at 6 1/2 by the tub of 40 pounds. The best turkeys come from New Jersey and are known to the trade as "Philadelphia dry pickers." They run from 8 to 20 pounds and cost the butchers 18 cents. These turkeys have to be regularly fattened and are not at their best until the cold weather sets in. Western turkeys can be had for from 10 to 12 cents, but are not so much fancied. The butchers say that there is not much profit in the turkey, but they have to keep them for their customers.

The shop in which he sells his meat is the smallest part of the premises of a successful Brooklyn butcher. It is surrounded by half a dozen ice chambers, each as large as a good sized room, in which meat can be kept fresh in all weather for a long time. The consumption of ice is enormous; a butcher doing a large business will use up \$1,000 worth in the course of a summer. The cellar is another great feature of the butcher's establishment, filled as it is with meats, vats for pickling, boilers of bologna sausage, sausage fillers and all the other tools of the trade, not forgetting the smoke house, where a side of pork by the aid of hickory chips can be turned into bacon in twenty-four hours.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**Animal Communities.**  
The social animals form true communities. They are banded together by certain common interests, and possess a principle of association beyond that of the sexual. They present the germinal condition of a political society. They comprise most of the large herbivora, which aggregate for purposes of common defense, in some cases stationing sentries for protection while feeding, and in others following certain acknowledged leaders. Instances of any such association are rare among carnivora, the wolves being the most marked example.

Yet in the social animals, as a rule, the common interests are few, and the links of association weak. Individuality largely persists, there is no idea of common property, and nearly or quite the only interest in common is that of attack or defense. Separated from these by a broad interval are some three or four animal tribes whose socialism is of so advanced a type that it fairly deserves to be indicated by a special name. These tribes comprise the ants, bees, and termites, among insects, and the beavers among mammals. Their conditions of association are so different from those prevailing in most other cases, that it seems proper to consider them as a separate class. I propose for them the title of communal animals, as most distinctive of their life habits.

Instead of possessing a few links of combination, these animals have most or all of the relations of life in common. In ant and bee communities, for instance, individualism has vanished. All property is held in common, all labor is performed for the community, there are no common homes, common stores, common duties, community alike in assault and defense, and it is difficult or impossible to detect any ant or bee doing anything for itself alone, or performing any act which is not intended for the good of the community as a whole. Selfishness, so far as the home community is concerned, seems to have vanished, and labor and life are freely given for the good of this great whole, with no evident display of any thought of individual comfort or aggrandizement.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

**The Fine was Remitted.**  
Failed to note the exception. Squire Riggs, a Mississippi lawyer, in the conduct of his cases is so given to "demurring" and "filing bills of exceptions" that he is known all over his judicial district as "Old Demurrer." During a recent trial he filed no less than seventeen exceptions to the rulings of the court. Finally, the judge lost patience with him, and charged him with unprofessional conduct, and refused to allow him to proceed further as an attorney in the case. "Darn such another court as this," said the squire, whereupon the judge fined him \$10 for contempt. "Contempt!" exclaimed the squire. "Yes, sir, for contempt of this court," replied the judge. "But, judge, I said nothing of this court that could be construed as contempt." "You did, sir." "What did I say, may it please your honor?" "You said, sir, 'Darn this court.'" "You are mistaken, judge, and failed to note my exception. I distinctly said, 'Darn such another court as this.'" "The fine is remitted; proceed with the case, gentlemen," said the Judge.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Curious Skull Caps.**  
A curious manufacture peculiar to Tunis is that of skull caps, noted for their brilliancy of color, their fineness and durability, as compared with those made in France and Italy. The wool, a mixture of native Tunisian and Spanish, the proportion of each varying according to the intended fineness and price of the article, is combed and spun into a fine soft thread, and woven, or oftener knit, into the conical caps. These are soaked in oil, and then a kind of form being placed on the knee of the workman, they are milled by rubbing the sides together, frequently turning the caps; by this process they are reduced to about one-half their first size. When the cap is sufficiently thickened, it is brushed with a burr from a kind of thistle, in order to bring out the nap, the fibres which project too far being cut off with shears. The caps, thus reduced, napped, and clipped, are in the form of a demi-globe, and are then sent to Tarvan, to be dyed a deep crimson, the water at this place being of a peculiar adaptiveness for the dyeing.

**The Wish-Bone.**  
We'd had the apples 'n' the pie,  
An' folks was feelin' jolly,  
Erasmus told the wish-bone dry  
An' offered half to Polly.  
She wished, she gave a bashful laugh,  
Then pulled—the got the biggest half.  
She laughed again she blushed right red,  
An' gosh! that wish-bone pretty  
"I've lost my wish," she milled said,  
"Now isn't that a pity?"  
She seemed to take it so to heart,  
He wished he'd broke the smallest part.  
"Let's let. Don't mind the charm," sez he  
"I wished a kiss you'd give to me."  
She sez: "I wished you'd take it."  
I guess I needn't tell to you  
That both them wishes then kin true.  
—Chicago Rambler.

## STORIES SPICED BY FUN.

**COMICAL SKETCHES THAT ARE GO-  
ING THE ROUNDS.**

**Likely to Get Left—He Encouraged  
Her in It—Quite Another Thing,  
Etc., Etc.**

Stranger (to small boy)—"C-c-c-a-n-y-y-o-u t-t-e-l-l m-m-e w-h-e-n t-h-e n-e-x-t t-t-r-a-i-n g-g-o-e-s n-n-o-r-t-h, s-s-s-o-n-n-y?"  
Small Boy—"F-f" minnits pas' three."  
Stranger—"H-h-h-a-v-e I g-g-g-o-t t-t-t-i-m-e t-o c-c-c-a-t-c-h i-t?"  
Small Boy—"Not unless you kin walk faster'n you kin talk, mister."—*New York Times.*

**He Encouraged Her in It.**

Black—"They tell me your wife is quite a whistler."  
White—"She is. Whistles most of the time."  
B—"And you allow it? Don't it annoy you?"  
W—"It don't annoy me, and as for allowing it, I encourage her in it."  
B—"Why?"  
W—"Because a woman can't whistle and talk at the same time."

**Quite Another Thing.**

"William, my son," said the old man, as he walked with him toward the depot, "you have been appointed an Indian agent. Promise me in the most solemn manner that you will never take one penny belonging to the government."  
"I promise, father."  
Two years later, when he came home and bought a couple of farms and began the erection of a \$30,000 house he remarked:  
"I have kept my promise, father, I made all this wealth by educating the Indians."—*Wall Street News.*

**A Corpse that Walked Off.**

On one occasion, when "Virginity" was being performed, my unhappy temper (says Macready) was severely tried in the third act of the play, where Siccius Dentatus should be discovered on a bier with a company of soldiers mourning over it. I saw the old man who represented the Roman Achilles lying on the ground, and two men standing near. This was too absurd, the body having to be borne off in sight of the audience. I positively refused to go on. "Oh, pray, sir," urged the manager, "go on; the men have rehearsed the scene, and you'll find it all right." In vain I represented that the men could not carry off the old man. "Oh, yes, indeed, sir," reiterated the manager, "they perfectly understand it." There was nothing for it but submission. After some delay the curtain was drawn up and disclosed the scene as described. On I went and uttered my lamentation over the prostrate veteran; but when I gave the order, "Take up the body and bear it to the camp," to my agony and horror the two men, stooping down, put an arm underneath the shoulder of the dead Dentatus, raised him to his feet, he preserving a corpse like rigidity, his eyes closed and his head thrown back, and arm in arm, the trio walked off at the opposite side of the stage, amid roars of laughter from the convulsed spectators.—*Cardiff Mail.*

**She Was Bony.**

John Henry, the masher, stood on the corner with one of his kind, waiting for a girl to come along, whom he might crush. At last, a thin young woman from the rural districts came by, and John Henry thought he had found her. As she passed he said something about her being bony but he went after her, and catching up, he said:  
"Good afternoon," Miss.  
"Good afternoon," she replied, sizing him up as if she was going to put a price on him.  
"Ahem, Miss, ahem, I-ah—," he hesitated.  
"Well," she continued coolly, "why don't you bark?"  
"Bark! Bark! I don't quite understand," he said inquiringly.  
"Oh, you don't? Well I might have known better than to have given you credit for so much intelligence, but in our country a puppy that has had any advantage of training, always barks when it finds a bone."

Since that date John Henry is a changed man.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

**They Got the Wrong Ticket.**

A terrible mistake recently occurred in one of our most critical journals, which illustrates the danger of mixing up reviews of different art subjects and the manner in which different branches of culture can be confounded. A sparring match and a concert took place on the same evening, and, by mischance, the tickets reached the wrong art critics of the newspaper. The musical critic, thinking it was merely a broadening out of his field of labor, boldly went at his task and handed in the following review:

Soiree Pugilistique—Thumber's Hall was well filled with an aristocratic audience last night, who had the pleasure of being present at a delightful programme which was charmingly carried out. At 8 o'clock the conductor called time but forgot to specify what tempo was desired. Signor J. L. Sullivan and Mr. Driscoll appeared in the duet, which seemed to be in the character of a knock-out. Signor Sullivan's touch was a trifle heavy, and he seems much addicted to forearm action. His performance was, nevertheless, a striking one and had much power. A great many "rounds" were upon the programme, and we are glad to see this old English style of composition coming into favor again.

The art critic of sparring was at first a trifle uneasy when he saw that he had strayed into a musical soiree; but he soon found that his knowledge came readily into play, and gave the paper the following account:  
"Piano Slugging Extraordinary.—Apollo-Orpheus Hall was crowded with a lively audience last night to see Rafe Joseph knock out a piano in four rounds. Betting on the event was not very lively, and an offer of two to one on the piano found no takers. Precisely at eight o'clock the master of ceremonies started the proceedings with an orchestral prelude; but this only added to the interest attaching to the main event. Rafe came to the front smiling. He had evidently been sponged off just

before the combat, and looked in excellent condition. He at once struck out with his right, and followed it with a terrific left-hander, and managed to get away without a return. He now got in some light work with both hands, and for a short time seemed sparring for wind. A short rally followed, but just as the faint-hearted were beginning to back the piano to the tune of three to one he caught in a heavy body blow on the left side, and in an instant had it in chancery and was punishing it severely. Such heavy pounding has rarely been seen in any exhibition. The combat was so evidently in Rafe's favor that we did not stay to see the close. The police arrangements were perfect, no disturbances of any kind taking place among the audience."

And now the sporting critic holds himself as a musical authority, and the musical critic is avoided as a bad man and a heavy hitter.—*Boston Musical Herald.*

**Pearls and Pearl Fishing.**

In an interview with a pearl fisher by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the following facts about the industry are to be found: "You will see," he said, "by these perforations in the back how many enemies the pearl oyster has," pointing to the back of the shell, which was much honeycombed. "If they succeed in boring clean to the flesh it is all up with the oyster. The theory of the pearl is that some foreign substance, a bit of grit or shell, finds its way within the harness, and the oyster, to avoid the irritating friction, begins the process of pearl manufacture by the peculiar secretion. The pearl is generally found in the beard. I need not tell you that the shells are highly valuable articles of commerce. When the opener has passed his hand in to feel for the pearl he throws it to the cleaner, who does his work, the shells are packed up in hogheads, and when they arrive in London they are sold by auction in Mincing lane to go to the manufacturer, for the shell has taken the place of ivory. The pearling season lasts from March to the middle of December, for in the summer months the hurricanes renders this fishing impossible. The plan of operations is something in this wise: The fleet is distributed over the fishing grounds, and one or two of them see to the supply of fresh water and stores. The mother ship generally lies at anchor in the bay, and the small boat leaves her every morning to go to the various grounds close by. At night they return with their cargoes. The decked boats go further afield, and bring the results of their labor at longer intervals. At certain times the mail steamer which calls at Fremantle ships the cargo, which comes home, the pearls themselves being sent through registered letters, and passing through post. The pearl is the most aristocratic jewel. No one but the rich aristocrat can afford to own it. To be inestimable in its value a pearl should be perfectly round like a marble, pure and spotless. A black pearl is a rarity, and from a thousand shells you might obtain one. I suppose one of the Rothschilds has the finest collection of pearls in the world. Lord Tweedmouth comes second, and Lord Bristol is a close third. The fashion in jewels alters rapidly, though pearls always take the first rank. At present the emerald is the fashionable jewel, why, I cannot say; then come rubies and sapphires; the diamond is but a common gewgaw. Every one can buy diamonds nowadays. I remember in 1870 diamonds cost £14 a carat. The price has fallen to £3, the result of too great a supply. But a really magnificent jewel, no matter whether pearl or diamond, always retains its value, and a collector, if he chooses to invest large sums in the purchase of the best article, can always sell at a profit. One of the greatest difficulties in dealing with diamonds is the operation of cutting, which needs an apprenticeship of a lifetime to make an expert. There are a few good cutters in the world, and there is actually only one man who can drill a diamond."

**Wiring Broken Bones Together.**

A series of experiments in surgery at Bellevue hospital, were a trial whether broken bones could be wired together in human beings, somewhat in the style of articulating skeletons, instead of using bandages and splinters. Five persons have been wired, the first instance being a year and half ago, and the last recently. The former was Henry Viller, a Polish Jew peddler. He was a weak, squalid fellow, scarcely able to carry his small pack of notions. He was run over by a stage in Broadway and his knee pan broken. For a month he seemed likely to lose his leg. Then it was decided to devote his endangered limb to the cause of science. The fractured bone was scraped clean, holes were drilled through it, wires of silver were run through, and in that way the pieces were fastened together. The venture turned out all right, and now the peddler walks solidly. Dr. Hubbard, then house surgeon at Bellevue, says that it was by his order that the wiring was done, that the leg would otherwise have been necessarily amputated, and that there was positively nothing to be lost by the operation.—*Cor. Boston Herald.*

**A Novel Scheme to Hold the Boy.**

The aristocratic ladies' fashion of leading or dragging pug dogs, mastiffs or greyhounds along the crowded streets having in a measure subsided, an ingenious devotee of new ideas has practically secured an acceptable substitute, furnishing at the same time a complete answer to the long-vexed question as to what shall be done with the small boy. A tall lady, fashionably attired, attracted great attention recently as she walked down Chestnut street, apparently indifferent to the curious stares of the pedestrians. The lady, who was the object of so much attention, was absorbed in the task of holding a heavy gold chain, with a bright little boy, circled about the neck, at the other end of it. The little fellow was dressed in a dark plush suit, with turban to match, and did not appear to be disconcerted. When the lady advanced too far in the surging crowd a sudden tugging would warn him that the end of the chain had been reached, and he would return. "Well," said a passer-by, "it would be so appropriate if the girls would manage the dudes in that style, so pug-like, you know."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Do not eat the meat of animals that have been worried and torn by dogs. It is sometimes poisonous.

**A Pitiful Sight.**

What sadder sight can be imagined than that of a noble man, whom the world can ill-afford to spare, stricken down in the prime of a useful life by consumption. Thousands are yearly filling consumptive graves who might be saved by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's "Medical Discovery," which is a positive cure for consumption in its early stages. It is the best alternative and pectoral in the world. All druggists.

Russia manufactures 120,000,000 wooden spoons annually.

Confidential advice, to either sex, on delicate diseases. Book 10 cents in stamps. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Straw pressed into blocks is now a fuel in Dakota.

**A Remedy for Lung Diseases.**  
Dr. Robert Newton, late President of the Eclectic College, of the city of New York, and formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, used Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam very extensively in his practice, many of his patients, now living, and restored to health by the use of this invaluable medicine, can amply testify. He always said that so good a remedy ought to be prescribed freely by every physician as a sovereign remedy in all cases of lung diseases. It cures Consumption, and has no equal for all pectoral complaints.

**What is home without a Calendar?** is a very appropriate inquiry just now, when every body is looking out for a nice calendar for '86. About the handsomest and most convenient one we have seen is Hood's Household Calendar, issued by the proprietors of that successful medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla. The head of a beautiful young girl wearing a Kate Greenaway bonnet adorns the card, and everything about the calendar is in excellent taste. Ask your druggist for a copy, or send six cents in postage stamps for one, or ten cents for two calendars, to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The purest, sweetest and best Cold Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the season. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have detected it superior to any of the other oils in New York. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

**CHAPPED HANDS,** face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

**Frazer Axle Grease.**  
The Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

Straighten your old boots and shoes with Lyons' Shoe Stiffeners, and wear them again.

**We Submit Facts**

In regard to Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism, and ask you if you are afflicted with this disease to try the medicine which has so greatly benefited others. Hundreds of people who suffered the torture of rheumatism, even in its severest forms, have been perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It corrects the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and gives strength and vigor to the whole body.

"My wife has been troubled a long time with inflammatory rheumatism, and was so bad last spring that it was hard work for her to walk. She derived more real help by taking four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, than from any other medicine she has taken." JOSEPH P. GREEN, cor. First and Canal Street, Dayton, Ohio.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla last spring, and can truly say it helped me very much. To those suffering with bilious complaints, nervous prostration, or rheumatism, I earnestly recommend it." MRS. E. CAMPBELL, Kalamazoo, Mich.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1.50 six for \$5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

"Judging from its effects in my case, Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is 'Excellent.'"—H. D. KNOWLTON, Holland, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

"Piso's Remedy for Catarrh gave me almost immediate relief."—J. E. BRANKELL, Audubon, Iowa.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

"Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is just the medicine I have been looking for."—W. OUDON, Mayville, Ky.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

"Piso's Remedy for Catarrh has done me more good than anything I ever tried."—MISS R. A. STUDDY, Cornwall Bridge, Conn.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

"Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is producing favorable results."—GEO. W. WITMAN, Philadelphia, Pa.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

"Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest."

**CATARRH**  
Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, etc. 50 cents.

**DOES YOUR BACK ACHES?**  
IF SO, APPLY A  
"HOP PLASTER."  
THE STRENGTHENING AND  
BEST PAIN-RELEASER. When applied to sore muscles, bruises, aches and pains, it gives relief in a few minutes. It is a powerful remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other painful affections. It is sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents. Hop Plaster made every where. Only 25 cents. 5 for \$1.00.

**5 TON WAGON SCALES.**  
Iron Lovers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tires and Beam Scales.  
\$800 AND UP  
JONES pays the freight—free for Price List and Circulars. Address: J. J. JONES, Birmingham, N. Y.

**No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.**  
Celebrated "EQUIP" HAIRER and BRIDLE COMBINED, cannot be shipped by any horse. Sample letter to any of our 8 fr. receipt of \$1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Send for Circulars. Price 25 cents. J. J. JONES, Birmingham, N. Y.

**PAY WHEN CURED.** Having sufficient confidence in our ability and the willingness of mankind to pay when the cure is made, we cure all chronic diseases and ask no pay for our professional services until after the cure is effected. We cure all chronic diseases and ask no pay for our professional services until after the cure is effected. Address: Dr. B. D. BAKER, Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

**FACE, HANDS, FEET**  
and all their imperfections including Freckles, Blemishes, Superficial Hair, Hirsuties, Bores, Warts, Sores, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Head, Scars, Pimples and all their kindred evils. Send for Free Book.

**MURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER**  
Keeps Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy. MITCHELL'S Perfumery. Belladonna. Pains reliever cures all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that cold ache between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists every where.

**FACE, HANDS, FEET**  
and all their imperfections including Freckles, Blemishes, Superficial Hair, Hirsuties, Bores, Warts, Sores, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Head, Scars, Pimples and all their kindred evils. Send for Free Book.

**MURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER**  
Keeps Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy. MITCHELL'S Perfumery. Belladonna. Pains reliever cures all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that cold ache between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists every where.

**FACE, HANDS, FEET**  
and all their imperfections including Freckles, Blemishes, Superficial Hair, Hirsuties, Bores, Warts, Sores, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Bile Head, Scars, Pimples and all their kindred evils. Send for Free Book.

**MURSTON'S PEARL TOOTH POWDER**  
Keeps Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy. MITCHELL'S Perfumery. Belladonna. Pains reliever cures all Aches and Pains. Sure Remedy for that cold ache between the shoulders. Sold by Druggists every where.

E. L. Noyes, Revere, Mass., was cured of scald-head by using Hall's Hair Renewer. A sure cure for obstinate eczema, and scalds—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The best remedy.

ELECTRICITY has been used in German shops for working portable drills and the like.

**RED STAR**  
TRADE MARK.  
**COUGH CURE**  
Free from Opium, Emetics and Poison.  
**SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.**  
25 Cts.  
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**ST. JACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK.  
**GERMAN REMEDY**  
For Pain.  
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Backache, Brains, etc.  
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.  
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.  
THE CHARLES A. VOGLER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM CATARRH**  
Cleanses the Head.  
Allays Inflammation.  
Heals the Sores.  
Restores the Senses of Taste, Smell, Hearing.  
A POSITIVE CURE.  
CREAM BALM  
has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, for its efficacy in curing all the above mentioned ailments. A particle is applied into each nostril, and the patient is advised to breathe deeply. Price 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Oswego, N. Y.

**Radway's Ready Relief**  
CURES AND PREVENTS  
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, DIFFICULT BREATHING.  
CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need any sufferer with Pain, Radway's Ready Relief is a Sure Cure for Every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Head, Stomach, etc. It is the First and is the Only PAIN REMEDY.  
That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Croup, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bow



